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The Week

MINORITY LEADER MANN was as complimentary as could be asked in characterizing his successful rival as "the genial, able, impartial, patriotic statesman of Missouri and the nation." History will hardly confer all of these adjectives upon Champ Clark. Nevertheless, his re-election as Speaker was in part a deserved tribute to the man and the way he has discharged the duties of the office, as well as the only real solution of what at first seemed a most complicated problem. It is idle to deny the significance of the fact that no Democrat voted against him, and that he got the votes of all the independents but one, while Mann suffered the humiliation of losing a few of his own nominal supporters. The Republican leader might have made a better exhibition of the patriotism which he praised in his opponent by not keeping the President of the United States waiting hour after hour while he insisted upon roll-calls for a doorkeepership and a postmastership and similar great places, on the chance that the momentary absence of a Democrat or two might give the Republicans a bit of the spoils not truly belonging to them. A shrewder if not nobler leader would have accepted the election of the Speaker as determining the question of the organization of the House, and would have seized that event to renounce a merely partisan contest over places, and so to put his party in a highly favorable light before the country.

EACH day brings new evidence of the extraordinary changes being wrought in German public life. The officials of the Government are now plainly on the defensive. Their course is sharply challenged in the Reichstag. It is not Americans, but Germans, who accuse the Chancellor of being weak and vacillating and of having brought his country into the plight of seeing all the world against it. Not Washington, but Berlin, arraigns the German Foreign Secretary for having committed a blunder which throws all the previous follies of even German diplomacy into the shade. Herr Zimmermann's defence of his plan to array Mexico and Japan against the United States was a miracle of ineptitude. His principal complaint was that his inculpatory dispatch had fallen into the hands of the American Government and been made public. But for that, all would have been well; and he is "investigating" the circumstances under which the worst error that a diplomat can make—being found out in a secret intrigue—came to be fastened upon him. That really will make little difference in the adverse opinion of Germans, one of whom in the Reichstag openly taunted the Government with having been guilty, in this business, of gross stupidity. It is this new freedom of utterance in Germany which is the significant thing. The press is saying things of the boldest sort, which a little time ago would have been impossible. The whole is clearly traceable to the upheaving effect of the Russian revolution. In time, this must affect the morale of the German people, including the army. They used to speak proudly of German soldiers as "thinking bayonets." What the bayonets are thinking to-day may be guessed from the trepidation shown by the Government itself.

IF there was any doubt regarding the success of the German retreat, viewed simply as an operation in itself, it is removed by the statement of British captures during the month of March, which more than covers the main German retirement that began about March 12. Less than 1,300 German prisoners for the whole British front for the whole of March means only a few hundred prisoners picked up in the actual pursuit. This testifies to extraordinary skill in German preparation and execution, and possibly reflects on the resourcefulness of the British; but there is not the slightest reason for crediting it all to the genius of Hindenburg, as the fashion is now. We need only recall the other great German retreat in France, the one after the battle of the Marne, to see that the present exhibition represents no more than the average high skill of German leadership. In that retreat the Germans fell back along a front of about 120 miles to an average depth of 40 miles. Up to date the Germans retiring before the British have gone back on a front of less than forty miles to an average depth of perhaps seven miles. Their loss in prisoners in the retreat from the Marne was about 10,000 men, which is very much the ratio to-day. And the retreat from the Marne was carried out after a defeat and in haste, as against months of preparation preceding the present backward movement.

A DUAL Republic is involved in the recognition of Polish independence by the Provisional Government at Petrograd. The "free military union" that is to bind the two nations together after they have been separated suggests at once Austria-Hungary. If the Revolution maintains itself, there will be a Russia-Poland, and we shall speak of Cisvistula and Transvistula as we speak now of Cisleithania and Transleithania. The proclamation of the Provisional Government, in spite of its full recognition of the principle, assumes a number of conditions besides this union between Russia and Poland. The surrender of Russia's title to Polish lands is to await action by the Constituent Assembly. The determination of Poland's future government is to be made by a national assembly elected by universal suffrage and meeting in the capital of Poland, which means Warsaw. This means that the Teutonic armies must first withdraw from that city. Most significant of all is the assumption that the new Poland will consist of the three now separated parts, that is, that it will include Austrian Galicia and German Posen. But the Polish representatives in the Duma, by immediately resigning their seats on the ground that Poland no longer constitutes a part of the Russian state, have thereby declared that they recognize no conditional bargain. Whatever Germany and Austria may be persuaded or compelled to do for the new state, Russia has put herself on record.

FROM the tone of recent Petrograd dispatches it is hard to escape the conclusion that the revolution has seriously

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impaired discipline in the army. This is more valid of the troops in the capital, who are conscious of the part they played in the revolution, than of the men at the front; and it is more true of the armies on the northern front around Riga than of the armies under the command of Brussiloff in the south and of Judenitch in Armenia. These generals have the prestige of victory, and their men have tasted the consolation of success, whereas along the front from the Pinsk marshes to the Baltic the troops have had only the dreariness of deadlock in the trenches. It was inevitable that men suddenly aroused to the consciousness of their own power should rebel against military discipline which every common soldier in every army finds irksome enough. But it is also to be suspected that this is only a temporary state of mind. Already it is plain that the more responsible leaders among the radicals have recognized the peril involved in any attempt to carry through a revolution to the hilt. A manifesto signed by half a dozen Socialist leaders makes the candid statement that any attempt to enact a complete social revolution at this time would precipitate a counter-revolution and reinstate the monarchy. "The victory of the Central Powers would bring ruin and reinstate the old régime." This is obvious.

NOT only America, but Europe, is turning to wooden ships; Scandinavia especially is building a considerable number. In France the proposal is now made that the supplies of timber near Toulon and other ports be utilized for all-wooden vessels, displacing, say, 4,000 tons, and for wooden vessels with iron or steel skeletons displacing 6,000 tons. Composite ships of this last sort were built forty years ago and served well. An additional proposal is made that is not likely to be of value outside France, where the price of coal is forbiddingly high: it is that sails be a part of the equipment and be used whenever possible to supplement the engines. While the wind serves, no thrifty master will use Cardiff coal that costs $30 a ton in France, with lubricants quadrupled in value. The mixed sailing vessel and steamer was fairly common a half-century ago. The war, which has made great shipbuilding nations out of maritime laggards, promises also to transform the appearance of merchant marines.

THE British victory over the Turks at Gaza, in southern Palestine, if one is to judge from the relative emphasis of the dispatches, must have been even more decisive than the victory at Kut-el-Amara on the Tigris. We may be prepared for news of a Turkish retreat upon Jaffa, forty miles to the north of Gaza, and the port for Jerusalem. It is doubtful, however, whether Gen. Murray can follow up his victory along the Palestinian coastland so rapidly as Gen. Maude did after Kut. Whereas the latter had the Tigris and his gunboats to harass the retreating Turks, the British in Palestine must follow the road along the coast, an ancient and historic highway, but largely a desert road—unless, indeed, we are to witness the interesting development of a British fleet coöperating with the army. The coast road runs so close to the shores of the Mediterranean as to lie under the fire of moderate-sized naval guns. The objective of the British operations is now revealed to be the Palestinian ports, with Jerusalem, instead of a drive through the desert against the Damascus-Mecca railway, as seemed possible at one time. The campaign as a whole co-ordinates itself with the fighting in Mesopotamia and Armenia, not in the likelihood of the various armies striking hands, but in the uniform pressure which is now being exerted on the Turkish armies from all directions.

THE British official report of the victory in Palestine speaks of the construction of a railway as an incident in the advance. In this is revealed the elaborate preparation which must condition victory even in such comparatively small-scale operations as those in Asia. The British have been carrying a railway line with them from the Suez Canal across the wastes of Sinai peninsula, just as Gen. Maude built a railway from Bussora to Kut, and is now probably engaged in extending it to Bagdad. In addition, Gen. Maude constructed virtually a new channel for the Tigris, and created new harbor works at Bussora. Herein lies some future profit for the world out of the wrack and wastefulness of war. The railways, harbors, roads, and bridges that have been built for military purposes will remain to serve the interests of peace-time. Just as Poland, whatever may be her destiny, will profit by the roads which the Germans built for their advance upon Warsaw, so Palestine, whomever it is to call master, will have her railway into Egypt, and Mesopotamia will have her railway to the Persian Gulf, much sooner than they would have come in the ordinary course of events.

IT has taken a third of a century to extend the principle of the merit system to those precious spoils, the ten thousand Presidential postmasterships. It comes at last as the first extension of the system under President Wilson. But Republicans are not in a position to criticise him for waiting four years, until he was safely in his second term, before taking this step. They have had several chances to the Democrats' one for doing it, but even the courage of their most daring President did not reach to this point. The heartening element in the advance is the matter-of-fact way in which everybody accepts it, including the politicians. This is the final justification for the efforts of reformers, "professional" or other. In the end, though they may not live to see it, the George William Curtises win and the Platts and the Quays lose. But the trenches have not all been carried on this field. In the words of the National Civil Service Reform League, "There is still a sizable army of political agents on the Government pay-roll—collectors of customs and internal revenue, district attorneys, and United States marshals." We trust that the League is correct in its conjecture that the inclusion of the postmasters is only the first of a series of such orders from President Wilson.

COMMENTING on the semi-centennial of Alaska under the American flag, Secretary Lane estimates that the land for which we paid $7,200,000 in 1867 has brought more than $750,000,000 into the channels of American trade. This item shines out like a candle in the gloom of national thriftlessness, to which our attention is so regularly directed. After the $500,000,000 which we throw away annually by our prejudice in favor of cow's butter as against peanut butter; after the $250,000,000 which we lose annually in productive human lives by refusing to keep trespassers off the railway rights of way; after the $365,000,000 which we could save, but do not, by introducing business methods into the Federal Government; after the half-billion dollars annually thrown away in the form of food

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values in skimmed milk; after the vast sums which the farmers squander in their prejudice against decent roads; after ever so many other uneconomic factors which make it a puzzle how this nation has managed to keep out of the poorhouse, it is a comfort to think of at least one investment that shows forethought and thrift. Perhaps it is the enormous profit that we have realized on Alaska which has served to keep this country going.

THE short report of the statement issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission granting the increases in coal rates requested by the railways gives no clue to the decision on the larger question of the flat percentage increases on all rates, which was sought at the same time. The fact that any increases have been granted shows that the mind of the Commission is open to persuasion; but further predictions would be rash. The increases in themselves are not of great importance; five cents per ton on some 70 million tons of anthracite is but $3,500,000; and 10 cents per ton on some 200 million tons of bituminous is but $20,000,000. In so far, the railways have succeeded in transferring their extra charges to the public, and we think on the whole with justice. However, one cannot but be impatient with the hit-or-miss fashion with which the whole procedure is being carried on. That the railways have a just cause for complaint on account of increased costs will be the conclusion reached by a fair-minded perusal of Mr. Atterbury's recent speech in Pittsburgh. Yet one may well inquire, What is the criterion on which justice is to be based? An intelligent understanding of the situation is impossible on the present basis; and criticism of the Commission must necessarily be in the vague terms in which they themselves treat of the problem.

THE Treasury's announcement that it has borrowed $50,000,000 from the Federal Reserve Banks at 2 per cent., on the basis of ninety-day Government notes, must not be taken as indicating either the method or the terms of the larger financing which is to follow. This particular sum was needed, not because of newly contemplated expenditure, but because the last Congress failed to provide for certain expenditure already voted. The filibuster in the Senate blocked not only the Armed Ship bill, but, among several others, the large General Deficiency Appropriation bill, which was to cover numerous requirements; among them the $25,000,000 payment for the Danish West Indies. To bridge over the period before the new Congress takes action, a law is utilized which was originally passed in 1898, and which was designed for precisely such conditions. Under its terms, as lately amended, the Secretary of the Treasury may in his discretion sell notes of the Government running not more than one year, with an interest rate not higher than 3 per cent. The Federal Reserve Banks are permitted by the law to buy and sell bonds or notes of the United States, and they held $29,000,000 United States bonds and $19,000,000 short-term notes before this operation was proposed. The three months' maturity provides the Government with the requisite funds in the interval before fresh action by Congress, and enables the Reserve Banks to invest their funds in what is practically a high-grade short-term discount. The 2 per cent. rate of interest which the Government has obtained measures the character of the transaction. Like the issue of Exchequer bills in England, it is merely a short loan in anticipation of revenue or of permanent borrowing.

THE threat of war has shaken Pennsylvania out of her traditional modesty. She now sees herself—or, as we must put it, he now sees himself—as "the Hercules of the Union." The Keystone State "can give more than any other Commonwealth." Bethlehem is ready to add a nobler significance to its name by making as many guns as Krupp. Baldwin's can produce more locomotives than all the plants in Germany. The State founded by William Penn is the only one which can build and equip a battleship—"arm it with the biggest guns, stock the magazines with shells, and gird the whole thing with steel armor." A single clothing manufacturer in Philadelphia can turn out 8,000 uniforms a week. Manufacturers of stockings and underclothes in the State are able to equip a greater army than the country has ever yet enrolled. There is enough coal in Pennsylvania to supply all the warships of the belligerents. "There are at any given time more freight cars in Pennsylvania than in any other State, a thing of vital need when those war drums beat to arms." Only one other State could buy more Government bonds. In a word, as the *Ledger* sums it up:

> Yes, Pennsylvania is the Hercules of the Union, and if it were necessary to mobilize up to the limit that has been done in France, we could send out under our battle-flags an army of 800,000 men.

And when we have conquered Germany, Pennsylvania can show her how to govern herself.

THE Russian revolutionist, in vogue at last, must find grim pleasure in the social favor now beaming on him from every box and banquet. Success makes rebellion good form and alters very humorously the attitude of society. Ladies up whose backs shivers ran at the mention of a Siberian exile now split their gloves applauding the "Chain Song," give luncheons for all Russian radicals here available, and neglect to shudder even at the red flag. A Russian baritone, actually scarred from flogging? Surely, he must be engaged to sing at the next bridge party. The Russian revolutionist is no longer impossible in business circles. He may come forth into the Fifth Avenue sun, out of his old refuge on the East Side. One wonders how he feels, whether he is too haunted by tragic memories to be amused, whether he understands how potent were the Russian dancers in spreading the way for his reception. It is hard that here a man is executed and there he is fêted, when each was ready to pay with his life for a thing beyond himself. Perhaps the mighty dead get some post-mortem glamour from the wreaths upon their statues.

GERMAN education and the German professions, like the French, will feel after the war the influence of the increased registration of women at universities. During the second winter of the conflict, according to the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, no less than 4,820 were enrolled—one-fourth more than in the previous year, and twice as many as in 1910. As last year only 10,000 men were in attendance, out of 50,000 registered, half as many women as men are now obtaining a higher education. It is natural to find the tendency towards the more practical fields. Medicine, the natural sciences, and mathematics show the greatest increase; many women have evidently an eye to opportunities opened by the falling of surgeons, scientists, and engineers.

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The Decision for War

ALL Americans must be glad that their President, in asking Congress to resolve that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany, called upon the nation to strengthen itself in high-minded purpose. Selfish ends—conquest, dominion, material compensation, indemnities—he bids us put out of our minds. "We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and freedom of nations can make them." These are lofty sentiments. And in the same vein are Mr. Wilson's words of magnanimous devotion to the cause of democracy all over the world. They are certain to reverberate throughout Europe. In especial will his eloquent reference to "the wonderful and heartening things" recently wrought by the Russian people be hailed in Petrograd as a reinforcement against autocracy mightier than an army. They will afford a new buttress to the Russian Republic. And his plea for "the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments" will help to bring nearer the day of world-democracy. The whole address, in fact, once accepting the President's premises, is conceived and expressed in a way to command high admiration.

Most generous and gratifying is the language which the President uses of the German people, here and abroad. He expresses the largest confidence in the loyalty of German-Americans. This is already justified in the response of the German-American press. But Mr. Wilson goes further. He summons native-born citizens to embrace eagerly the opportunity to show friendship and trust towards "the millions of men and women of German birth who live among us and share our life." An attitude of coldness and suspicion towards them would sow discord where there ought to be comradeship. And even as respects aliens on our soil, the President asks his countrymen not to confuse a "lawless and malignant few" with the great body that we may reasonably expect to submit themselves quietly to the laws of the country and to conform to the proprieties of the situation in which they find themselves. Panic fears about their possible treachery, with all spy-mania, the President would have us banish far from us.

Mr. Wilson seeks to make broader a distinction which he hinted at in his address to Congress at the time of breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany. We mean, of course, the distinction between the German people and the Government that speaks for them. It is only with the latter that we have our quarrel. "We are," he asserts, "the sincere friends of the German people." Only that friendship has enabled the Government of the United States to bear with such long patience the acts of their rulers. It is merely against an "irresponsible Government" in Germany, which has "thrown aside all considerations of humanity," that the United States assumes a hostile attitude. What effect these utterances will have in Germany—when they are known there—it is impossible to say. They may stimulate the popular resentment, already manifesting itself, against the Prussian autocracy. But it is plainly possible that they may be taken, for the time being, as only adding insult to injury, and actually stiffen the German resistance. Which way the result will lean, only the event can determine. But all must be grateful to the President for saying what he did on this subject, both because it truly mirrors the feeling of Americans, and because it further serves to place American aims and hopes in going into the war in a correct light.

The President's pen was never more skilfully employed than in setting forth the abhorrent nature of German submarine warfare. In the plans of the German Admiralty there has been a rake's progress. At first the regret was expressed that, possibly in some cases, the lives of neutrals might be endangered. Then came the period of promising to comply with the rules of cruiser warfare. But last February was proclaimed the mad policy of undiluted ruthlessness, and vessels of all flags, no matter what their cargo, were "sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board." Repetition has somewhat dulled our sensibilities to the horror of this, and Mr. Wilson does well to picture it in all its nakedness. It is a terrible indictment of the German Government which President Wilson draws, but who shall say that it is not true?

War has come, and we must all face it steadfastly and cheerfully. If the doctrines we have maintained are well-founded, the event will justify them—will show that there is no greater evil than militarism, and that, after this war, the nations will be compelled to form what President Wilson calls a "league of honor" to insist upon disarmament and to devise some means of enforcing peace, so that the world may be a fit place for civilized man to live in. All told, Americans may take deep satisfaction in the fact that they enter the war only after the display of the greatest patience by the Government, only after grievous and repeated wrongs, and upon the highest possible grounds. There can be no doubt that the country will respond instantly to the leadership which the President has now given in the most memorable of all his addresses.

The European Solvent

THE speech in the Reichstag by the German Chancellor was unyielding on the point at issue with the United States. Contrary to apparently trustworthy forecasts, Bethmann-Hollweg did not intimate the possibility of any modification of unrestricted use of submarines. There was, indeed, a modification of the boastful tone in which he spoke on the same subject two months ago. He talked no longer of a speedy ending of the war by means of Germany's "sharp weapon." Nor did he indulge in any more triumphant pointing to the "war map" as proof of a German victory. That map has been undergoing rapid changes. The whole speech, in fact, while still putting on a bold front, and asserting Germany's readiness to meet the world in arms if she must, was that of a Chancellor not so sure of himself as he had previously appeared.

What is the explanation? It is no secret. There is a new spirit astir in Europe, and the German people are responsive to it. To say that the Russian revolution has not had continued reverberations in Germany is to be blind to multiplying evidence. The Chancellor himself could not keep away from the theme in all minds. He denied that the Hohenzollern dynasty would lift a finger to help restore autocracy in Russia. Let the Russians order their own "home" as they pleased. The inference that Germans have the right to do the same he did not draw, but many of his hearers and multitudes in Germany will do so. The di-

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rect appeal of Russian workingmen to German workingmen may not be allowed open circulation in Germany, but it will be known; it will pass from hand to hand; it will be eagerly debated in private even if no public mention of it is permitted. Against these infections of liberty no cordon can be established. Already the Socialist party in Germany—the great party of protest—is acquiring fresh courage and speaking in a bolder voice. Daily we read of utterances which even a month ago would have been denounced as treasonable. Take the recent extraordinary declaration by the Socialist leader, Scheidemann: "It does not require many words to explain why almost the whole world is arrayed against us. The answer is given quickly. The whole world sees among our enemies more or less developed forms of democracy, and in us it sees only Prussians." The inspiration and the daring of that must have come straight from the events in Petrograd.

While the Chancellor is still unwilling to concede democratic reforms in Prussia until after the war, the Socialist demand that he do so at once is becoming stiffer. The Social Democratic party is rapidly getting into a position where it can force the Government to bid for further support by offering terms. Already it is offering terms to the Polish members. In behalf of the Chancellor, the statement was made in the Prussian upper house that the Government is soon to announce great reforms for Prussian Poland. The oppressive—and futile—expropriation law, which aimed to take all land holdings from Poles, and to enforce which the Government had exerted all its strength for years, is to be thoroughly revised. This doubtless means that, in effect, it is to be abandoned. And the Poles in West Prussia are to be allowed freely to use their mother tongue. This is almost a revolution in itself. The whole stupid and brutal attempt to force the Poles to give up their national spirit—long a proved failure—is to be dropped. Such is the ferment of freedom! If the Poles in Warsaw are to have self-government, the Poles in Posen can no longer be ground under the heel of Prussian autocracy.

It has long been a commonplace to predict that the war would bring great political changes in Europe. But they are now in sight upon a vaster scale than anybody dared to prophesy. The old order is breaking up under our eyes. More and more openly are men saying that kingcraft, with the statesmanship which served it, has written its own doom. What answer can there be to Bernstein when he rises in the Reichstag to affirm that "distrust of the Government" was strengthened by the blundering which now threatened to add the United States to the long list of Germany's enemies? The indictment of the old régime is crushing—it is written in blood and tears and the misery of millions. The Kaiser "did not will this war." No; he merely willed a localized war which would add prestige to his policy and aggrandize his royal house. But the flame and the fury spread beyond his control, till now the whole world is involved, and the makers of the war stand aghast at their own folly. Meanwhile, the decree of death to the old system is visible on the sky in letters of fire. However the war ends, the people will never again put their heads in the former noose. If Germany loses the war, the fate of those who dragged her into it cannot be in doubt. It were better for them that millstones were hung about their necks and they were drowned in the depths of the sea. Even if Germany wins, or accepts a disappointing peace, the old Government cannot survive. There will at least be a Ministry responsible to the people's representatives, not merely to the Kaiser's whim. Everywhere the Europe of 1914 is in solution. Men have tasted of liberty and seen that it is good. This revolution, at least, will not go backward. Heaven send that it go forward soon so far as to put an end to what the Russian workingmen, in their manifesto, call "this awful murder"!

The Large Way with Aliens

NO wiser policy has been announced in Washington than that which is to be followed respecting aliens. "Everybody of every nationality," states the Secretary of War, "who conducts himself in accordance with American law will be free from official molestation, both now and in the future." This is the large way to face this special problem, and it is also the sagacious way. It tends, in the first place, to relieve this country from any tendency to panic on this subject, and to prevent a general onset of spy-fever. If the Government, with all its sources of information, is not fearful of German plots and outrages on our soil, private citizens need not be acutely apprehensive. Furthermore, the effect upon the aliens themselves should be wholesome. If they discover that they are not harried at every turn, but are left free to go about their lawful pursuits, they will have a new sense of security here, and by so much a lessened motive to attempt anything seditious or hostile. And the evil-disposed among them will not be misled into supposing that the generous attitude of the Government implies any weakening of purpose or of determination to hunt down any aliens guilty of criminal acts and to punish them with the utmost severity.

It is no doubt the fact that our state of war with Germany will necessitate particular vigilance by the police and the secret service. To shut our eyes to the probabilities of sporadic trouble would be foolish. Here and there a misguided and desperate German may seek to cripple our military or naval operations, to interfere with transportation, to disable factories, and so on. But such acts, as we say, are for detection and punishment by the criminal authorities. Unless they are committed on a scale far beyond anything that it is reasonable to anticipate, they would not justify the plan that has been so much talked about of rounding up all the Germans in the United States and clapping them into detention camps. It is said, we know, that among these men are 30,000 German reservists. But if they could not get back to Germany to join the colors before the United States was at war, it is certain that they could not afterwards. Nor is it at all likely that they or other Germans here would attempt anything in an organized way. Many of these men are usefully employed in various American industries. It would be folly to deprive ourselves of their labor, at a time when the scarcity of workers will naturally be great, unless there were the most convincing reasons for doing so.

One good reason for not doing so lies in the peculiar relation of the case of alien Germans, now under our jurisdiction, to our German-American citizens. That the latter, in their great mass, will be unaffectedly loyal to the land and the Government of their choice, the evidence is conclusive, in our opinion. But their situation is confessedly a trying one. We ought not to do a thing to make it more trying. The Chicago *Tribune* well says that we have a duty to our

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German-American fellow-citizens—a duty not merely governmental, but one which rests upon us all:

> If we are not unreasoning we must realize that the German-Americans who are loyal to this country are passing through an experience of real anguish. The common figure of speech which calls Germany their mother and America their wife is not exaggerated. These, our fellow-citizens, our neighbors, and worthy co-workers in the upbuilding of America, are torn between two sincere and honorable devotions. They are following the biblical saying, they are leaving father and mother and cleaving to the wife. But the necessity of choice is a bitter one.
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> It is a part of good citizenship and of common human feeling to try to help the German-Americans in this trial, to avoid offending their susceptibilities, now naturally exaggerated, to try to make them feel that we do not doubt their loyalty while recognizing their sympathies.

Secretary Lansing has refused to take up with the German Government, through the Swiss Minister, the question of enlarging and reaffirming the ancient treaty between Prussia and the United States. He points out that Germany already confesses to having violated that treaty herself, and questions if it is any longer valid, though one clause provided that it should be binding even if war came. The particular provisions which the German Government desired to extend were those relating to the safety, in person and in property, of German citizens residing in the United States, should war ensue. Well, all that needs to be said is that, treaty or no treaty, alien Germans will be secure here, so long as they conduct themselves as law-abiding persons. Their business will not be broken up. Their personal liberty will not be curtailed. Everything will depend upon how they bear themselves. The Government has announced a magnanimous policy towards these aliens, and private citizens everywhere will be disposed to give it a fair trial. There is no occasion to suspect a German bomb-thrower behind every bush. If one shows himself, let the rigors of the law be applied to him. But till we are forced to a contrary conclusion, let us go forward confidently in the belief that no large number of aliens will think of abusing American hospitality.

How Shall We Raise an Army?

"FOR the American people to delay in putting some plan of universal military training into effect is sheer madness. If our geographical situation had not dulled our minds to the lessons of contemporary history, we would have had conscription in one form or another months ago." Thus speaks the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and its views are echoed by many others. Yet it clearly illustrates the confusion of thought under which the public is now laboring. Conscription in war-time of all men of military age is one thing; universal military service another. The universal-service proposal now advocated is a permanent peace policy, like the German and French systems. It relates to the regular annual training of all boys who reach a certain age, say, nineteen or twenty. To introduce it, if war should come next week, would be folly, for it would involve endless delay and confusion. To ask this of the already overburdened War Department would be impossible. For one thing, it would mean the refusing of hundreds of thousands of men, many experienced, who will volunteer the minute that the call for volunteers goes out.

As for the conscription of all males capable of bearing arms, that was resorted to by Abraham Lincoln with inconsiderable success in 1863; Canada has not yet come to it, and Australia voted it down for overseas service last year. It is not being considered to-day, for it is unnecessary now, and would bring out so many millions that they could not be organized or handled. Neither is it the desire of some of those who urge it that this shall go into effect at once. Senator Chamberlain, for instance, has lately been quoted as saying that the thing to do is to get universal service voted now, *to go into effect when the war is over*. From the military point of view, that is the only sensible policy, and Washington reports are to the effect that this is getting to be the opinion of the War Department. It will undoubtedly be that of the *Times-Star* if it gets over its case of nerves and settles down to consider the matter calmly. If the country wishes universal service, that is the policy to pursue.

But what then are we to do? is the question. Must we raise an army of volunteers in the old American way, just as Kitchener raised his millions? Has not Gen. Wood demonstrated that the old-fashioned volunteer system has inevitably meant waste, confusion, and loss of life? To this the answer is that there is no other way for us to-day, and that so far from being always a misfortune, it has worked marvellously in Australia and Canada, and so remarkably in England itself that conscription, when it finally came, added, it is stated, not above three hundred thousand more to the field forces. Of course, much depends upon the efficiency with which the raising of an army is attended. Universal service and the calling out of a nation in arms may be wholly useless if there are inefficiency, waste, and corruption as in Russia during the Japanese war and to a lesser extent in the present one. But, it is asked, are we not in for another such experience as we had in the Civil War and the war with Spain?

Not at all. What our amateur newspaper strategists are overlooking is that there were never before such favorable conditions for raising volunteers, and that by far-reaching legislation the Congress has tried to make impossible the very defects which militated so greatly against efficiency in our previous wars. It was nearly two years ago that this law was signed—April 25, 1915—only two years ago that the General Staff, which drew it and fathered it, and sent it forth to Congress with its blessing, looked upon the volunteer system as the only way in which the United States would ever raise armies. But it has been as completely forgotten in the hysteria of the last two years as if it had never been drawn. The law carefully prescribes how the President shall raise an army of volunteers after Congress has empowered him to. It specifies that he must follow the procedure of the regular army, the laws, orders, and regulations of which will be binding upon either the militia called into service or the volunteers. In many other matters the law calls for such changes in the organization of volunteer troops that veterans of the Civil War will be utterly staggered by its differentiations from what were the customs in 1861.

The most radical change is in the selection of officers, for they are all to be appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate; whereas in 1861 they were all appointed by the Governors of the States. Doubtless, Governors will suggest men now, but the President does not have to accept them unless he sees fit. He may appoint every single volunteer colonel from the regular army, for

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the law permits the appointment of four regular officers to every volunteer regiment. Moreover, officers are not to be commissioned as belonging to any one regiment, as, for instance, the Seventy-first or Seventh New York, but as captains or lieutenants or majors of "New York volunteer infantry." The President has the right to specify the qualifications for all officers; thus inefficients can be excluded, and the political officers of the Civil War ought to be unknown hereafter.

Again, there is a provision requiring that each regiment shall have a recruiting battalion at home, which thus corrects one of the worst defects of Civil War days, when veteran regiments were allowed to shrink to as low as two hundred, or even a hundred, men, and not recruited—new, green regiments being sent to the front to fill the need for men. Every volunteer soldier hereafter will be enlisted for the entire war; there will be no more three years' or three months' men; but it is expressly stipulated that all volunteers are to be promptly mustered out as soon as war, or the imminence of war, ends. The President will appoint all staff officers of volunteers, including the quartermasters and medical officers, on whose efficiency so much of the smooth working of a military organization depends.

These are only a few of the changes. What the law does is to provide a modern machinery and to replace antiquated enactments. More than that, we have a more efficient War Department to-day than ever before; for the first time we have a General Staff to raise volunteers; and besides that, we have an Administration which in all military matters has rigidly set its face against politics and favoritism. Those who fear that if we do not get immediate conscription we shall make the mistakes of previous wars had better read this law and ponder on the changed army conditions of to-day before despairing of the Republic and its military possibilities.

The British Suffrage Victory

HARD on the heels of the Russian revolution comes another great victory for democracy—the definite promise of the leaders of both the English parties that English women shall receive the vote as soon as the registry lists of voters are made up. The promise has already been confirmed by a vote of the House of Commons, so that the victory is assured. Though there may be delays, rejoicing is in order. A great political battle has been won, and won in the heat of an unparalleled conflict, in the turmoil of which the leaders of those who believed in the sex-line in politics have laid down their arms and surrendered at discretion. They can do nothing else, they say, in view of the remarkable sacrifices and the patient heroism of English women in a war as to the entering on which the women had no voice; and they freely admit that if the women were to withdraw their aid from the Government the latter could not go on.

Thus has the war-time strategy of Field-Marshal Pankhurst resulted in a stupendous success. At the outbreak of hostilities she induced her followers to lay down their arms and to enlist in the struggle on the side of the Government, with which they had been waging a private war of their own. In her manifesto to her followers she foretold the very victory which has come to pass, asserting her belief that if women would make themselves indispensable to the nation, no political leaders, however opinionated and reactionary, could afford to deny them their full rights. In a remarkable procession illustrating the work of women in war she revealed to the London public the extent of the service being rendered to the state by her sex; and it is a further tribute to her amazing political skill that she not only moved Lloyd George to sit on the reviewing stand and receive the homage of the marching women, but, as subsequently appeared in the House of Commons, actually induced that great man to defray out of the public treasury the expenses of the parade of which he personally and her party and her cause were the chief beneficiaries.

In the midst of a period which has greater discouragements to human progress to record than any other in modern times, it is most heartening to note this evidence of the rising tide which, as the aftermath of this terrific struggle, is, it appears, bound to democratize Europe and correspondingly to increase the democratic spirit in America. And when we read such a statement to the German Socialists as appeared on Thursday of last week from a Russian Socialist leader, offering friendship if the German people would slough off their monarchy, no one can doubt that there are movements under way which will change the whole aspect of things. No state which has been wholly socialized or nationalized as a result of the war, as has been Denmark, for instance, is likely to return altogether to the old order. This one may regret or rejoice over as much as one pleases; the facts are there, as is the certainty that the working classes will have a far greater voice in the management of their affairs than heretofore. Already there is not only the promise of woman suffrage in Russia; there is the victory just won by French women in obtaining the vote in municipal elections. No one would be bold enough to prophesy just how far towards pure democracy the swing will go, but the vital thing is that as the Russian revolution must have set men's pulses to throbbing in Austria and Germany, so the enfranchisement of women in England will have its echoes in every land in which the vote is now withheld, our own backward States not excluded. The women of New York who have begun their campaign to win the electorate for suffrage before next autumn have received a remarkable object-lesson in the speeches of Mr. Asquith, Lloyd George, and the Conservative leader, Walter Hume Long, who admits that he has been won over from life-long opposition to the enfranchisement of women.

Just what are the terms upon which the suffrage will be bestowed upon English women does not appear clearly from the telegraphed summaries. At first it was planned to put on an absurd age limit of thirty or thirty-five. Whether that has been done or not, the entering wedge is there, and once the principle is conceded we may count upon one advance after another. For what has happened is that a great and conservative government has admitted that women have as vital a stake in the affairs of state as the men. It matters not whether the electoral standards will at first be raised or lowered. It avails no longer to bring up the argument that the women of the slums will hand us over to the politicians and degrade the ballot. The recognition of women's political equality is made, for better or worse; women are to have the highest political privilege which can come to anybody. The simple fact is that after the enfranchisement goes into effect in England and the United States, no nation which desires to call itself enlightened will dare thereafter to set up the outworn doctrine that men alone shall determine the destinies of a country.

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Spain Turns to America

WAR always accentuates weak points in a nation's organism. Spain, though not actively engaged and further distant than other European neutrals from the scene of conflict, has none the less felt the shock and is forced to face many similar problems of readjustment. In America we had already achieved so high a degree of industrial development prior to the war, that the sudden exceptional demands from European countries did not take us entirely unprepared. We have expanded to the stimulus. Spain, on the other hand, was so little organized that her abrupt change from the rôle of consumer to that of producer, or rather the addition of this latter rôle, tended to paralyze what installation she already had. While the textile industries in Barcelona, previously well established, are a notable exception and have more than trebled their output in as many years, mining development (the real wealth of Spain) was in too limited or primitive a stage to meet the new demand. Spain is even obliged to import from outside minerals she has at home.

Explanations for this retarded development can be charged partly to Spain's geographic situation, partly to the lack of initiative of the people. At the converging point of world trade routes, with a long coast line on two seas indented with excellent harbors, Spain has long found it easier to buy from without than to develop within. It is true that the rich resources of the country attracted the attention of certain groups of European capitalists, but bad transportation facilities—due largely to a short-sighted, officious policy of the Government—and then the war hindered any considerable exploitation. It is easier, for example, to ship coal from Newcastle to Barcelona than to freight it from a point some four hundred miles inland, where there is plenty of it. The indifference of the people is gradually disappearing. But it must be remembered that in Spain there is no great middle class as in France, industrious, thrifty, which forms the backbone of the nation. The really great fortunes of Spain can be counted on one hand, but the poor are legion. To the wealthy, enjoying comfortable incomes from their lands and living abroad somewhere in France or Austria, industrial development at home made no particular appeal. A conservatism on the part of such investors as there were also paralyzed possible industrial ventures. But capital from elsewhere no longer flows into Spain, and foreign projects have for the most part had to be abandoned. German machinery is no longer on the market, and British imports have been cut down considerably.

There has been a marked change in the last few years in the policy of the Government towards foreign economic coöperation. No small share in this awakening attitude is due to the enthusiastic interest of Alphonso XIII. During the last two decades Spain has passed through periods of reaction and of revolution, and is now in a period of gradual reconstruction. Parliamentary triviality, "caciquism" (bossism), and centralization without capacity to govern has each in turn been exposed to public odium. The defeat of 1898 was in the nature of an awakening to the Spanish people. Some Liberals even call it the necessary cold shower the people needed—no thanks to us, naturally enough. Parliamentary orators were deprived of their favorite theme, "Our colonial splendor," and were now obliged to turn their gaze from distant horizons to problems more immediately at hand. What, for so long, they had made the people think was the sun shining down upon the Empire turned out to be a very cold moon. Spanish critics, in a literature called "regeneration," are still assailing the political corruption about them. All offer reforms and some have the courage to try to apply them.

The war has revealed formerly unknown liberal tendencies on the part of the Government. In policy the present Liberal Cabinet differs in little but name from the preceding Conservative one. Both have realized the necessity of establishing a new economic orientation, if Spain is to have any place among world Powers. Count Romanones, present Premier, though distinctly an opportunist in his politics, is himself one of the largest land-owners and industrial magnates of the Peninsula, and has shown every concern for the general economic progress of the country. For the first time in the memory of man the Ministry of Finance is presided over by a master-mind, Santiago Alba, in the opinion of many the ablest statesman of the kingdom. The only fear for his radical reforms (conservative enough, were they proposed anywhere else but in Spain) is that the Cortes may not be able to keep the new pace he has set for them. At any rate, the Government finally realizes that for Spain to make social progress it will first be necessary for her to give her people an opportunity to make a living wage at home. As Señor Tocca, recent President of the Senate, observed, "Our national interests demand of us an energetic patriotism which must be directed first to our economic development within."

Don A. Gimeno, Minister of Foreign Affairs, very amiably made me this declaration: "Next to our immediate concern for the maintenance of our neutrality we are desirous to give our trade expansion every possible impetus. The war poses for us in a most acute form the question of the livelihood of our people." He continued: "This war has radically modified our relations, has been a considerable check to our projects. America, on the other hand, is daily putting her resources in fuller realization. No great financial consideration in the world market can longer be concluded without her coöperation. The Spanish Government would welcome your participation in our development. The country needs capital, industrial equipment, and an application of many of your modern methods of organization. All this you are in a position to supply."

There is little ill-feeling in Spain over the defeat of 1898. The people were so indirectly concerned that they felt but scant interest in the whole affair. Most of them have but the vaguest notions about America. Despite considerable curiosity over our elections in Madrid, where I happened to be at the time, I found only one paper, this one having a correspondent connected with our Consulate, which felt competent before news came from the Paris press to make any comment about our internal affairs. Of this growing interest in America, the Minister of Foreign Affairs added: "You see, there is no prejudice nor antagonism worthy of consideration towards the United States, and no reason, on our part at least, why an economic rapprochement should not be achieved." He sees a Spanish-American acquaintanceship gradually being realized through the

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South American states: "Spain, which represents much of the culture and tradition of the Spanish-American states, meets the United States on a common ground. While the one may be considered the spiritual home of these peoples, the other is the one to whom these states are turning for the most active coöperation in their development. We must know each other and come closer together in the progress of these countries."

Count Romanones expressed the same hope and called my attention to some of the recent financial legislation. "All of our work at this time," he declared, "is directed to facilitate financial relations between Spain and foreign Powers. America will be called upon to-morrow to aid in the reconstruction of Europe. To-day she could turn her attention to Spain to our mutual advantage. The Government would look with a friendly eye upon this coöperation." The King also has taken a personal interest in the amelioration of transportation facilities between the two countries.

SANFORD GRIFFITH

Madrid, February 20

The Aesthetic Idealism of Henry James

"NO one has the faintest conception of what I am trying for," says the celebrated author in "The Death of the Lion," "and not many have read three pages that I've written; but I must dine with them first—they'll find out when they've time." The words are tinged with Henry James's own disdain of the fashionable world which wears, and wears out, a man of genius like a spangle on its robe. Perhaps twenty years ago every one had read, or had attempted to read, a recent novel of his; but there has come up a generation of young people who have been permitted, with the connivance of critics, to concede the excellence of his earlier productions and the "impossibility" of his later ones without looking into either. Shortly before his death he emerged for the general public from his obscure memoir-writing, and stood for a moment conspicuous on the skyline—a dark, august figure bowed in devout allegiance beneath the English flag; then with a thunder of ordnance not made for *his* passing he slipped below the horizon. In the hour of trial he had given to England a beautiful gesture which derived much of its interest from his life-long refusal to commit himself to any cause but art. Though the adoption of English citizenship by an American would have excited in ordinary circumstances the profane wit of our paragraph-writers, the gravity of this occasion chastened them; and when, a few months later, his death called for comment, many of them clutched at this transferral of allegiance as the last, if not the only, intelligible performance of his that was known to them. Some of them, to be sure, remembered, or said they remembered, "Daisy Miller" as a "perfect little thing of its kind," or professed a not unpleasant acquaintance with "The Portrait of a Lady," or even exhibited a vague consciousness that the novelist had treated extensively the "international situation"; but in general they betrayed their "unpreparedness" for defining his talent and valuing his accomplishment.

Criticism should have declared by this time, and should have declared with emphasis and authority, what Henry James was "trying for." It should also have declared whether, when he slipped below the horizon, he sank into the deepening shadows of literary history, or whether he passed on into a widening world of light—the Great Good Place of a grateful and enlightened posterity which will not dine with him but which will read him. May we securely let him pass while we go on to something better; or shall we find, if we go on, that he is the something better to which we come at last? There are wide differences of opinion in the critical jury. Mr. Brownell,* who has said a multitude of penetrating things about his mind and his art, and who is, one should suppose, the critic in America best qualified to enjoy and to value him, does not conceal his quiet hope and expectation that among the novelists of the future we shall not meet his like again. Professor Pattee,* who is "out" for American local colors and big native American ideas, declares in so many words that Henry James's novels "really accomplish nothing." Recent English criticism strikes up in another key. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer† promises him immortality, if there is any immortality for extraordinarily fine work—a point about which he is doubtful; but he struggles to his handsome conclusion through such fantastic arguments, with such explosions of temper and erratic judgment, through such a stream of "Godforbids" and "Thankgods" and "Godknowses," with such ostentatious self-advertisement, and with such a display of the "new vulgarity," the new literary bad manners, that one wonders how he ever came to occupy himself with an author so dedicated to refinement. The little book of Miss Rebecca West,‡ an acutely positive and intensely glowing young "intellectual," has delightful merits: its adverse criticism is cuttingly phrased if not always precisely keen, its appreciative passages are full of fresh ardor and luminous if not always illuminating imagery; it holds up a candle and swings a censer in the principal niches and chapels of the wide-arching cathedral upon which the builder toiled for half a century; but it rather evades the task of presenting a central and comprehensive view—of explaining, in short, in the honor of what deity the whole edifice was constructed.

I.

Let us cut an avenue to the inner shrine by removing from consideration some of the objects for which most of Henry James's American and English compatriots profess a pious veneration. He has insulted all the popular gods of democratic society—for example, the three persons of the French revolutionary trinity and the "sovereign people" collectively. Capt. Sholto, almost unique among his characters in uttering a political thought, must express pretty nearly his creator's position when he says, "I believe those that are on top the heap are better than those that are under it, that they mean to stay there, and that if they are not a pack of poltroons they will." It would be difficult to name an American author more nearly devoid of emotional interest in the general mass of humanity. His attitude towards the "submerged tenth" is chiefly established by his silence with regard to it. In "The Princess Casamassima,"

*American Prose Masters. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

**History of American Literature Since 1870.* The Century Co. 1915.
†*Henry James.* Dodd, Mead & Co. 1916.
‡*Henry James.* Henry Holt & Co. 1916.

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one of the rare places in which he permits a view of the dark Netherward of society to fall upon the eye of a sensitive observer, this is the reported reaction: "Some of the women and girls, in particular, were appalling—saturated with alcohol and vice, brutal, bedraggled, obscene. 'What remedy but another deluge, what alchemy but annihilation?' he asked himself as he went his way; and he wondered what fate there could be, in the great scheme of things, for a planet overgrown with such vermin, what redemption but to be hurled against a ball of consuming fire." The passage is a little deficient—is it not?—in warm fraternal feeling. Let us round out this impression with the reported reaction of a sensitive observer in "The Madonna of the Future" to a glimpse of free life in Rome: "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats; all human life is there!"

These sensitive observers doubtless had cause for a shudder of revulsion, and dramatic reason as well. Their behavior becomes interesting when one compares it with James's personal account in "London Notes" of his own attitude towards a very different scene—the preparations for Victoria's Jubilee. "The foremost, the immense impression is, of course, the constant, the permanent, the ever-supreme—the impression of that greatest glory of our race, its passionate feeling for trade. . . . London has found in this particular chapter of the career of its aged sovereign only an enormous selfish advertisement." Later he reports that he has been taking refuge from the Jubilee in novel-reading. The great thing to be said for the novelists, he adds, is "that at any given moment they offer us another world, another consciousness, an experience that, *as effective as the dentist's ether, muffles the ache of the actual* and, by helping us to an interval, tides us over and makes us face, in the return to the inevitable, a combination that may at least have changed." Was it a pose to speak of fiction as an ethereal pause in the midst of the perpetual toothache of the actual—and of a great patriotic demonstration as a peculiarly sharp toothache? Or was it "American humor"? I do not remember that any one has charged James with being a *poseur*. The pose at any rate is curiously of a piece with his saying to John Hay, who had been received with an "ovation" on his arrival in Southampton, "What impression does it make in your mind to have these insects creeping about you and saying things to you?"

A partial explanation of this disgust and this detachment from the major interests of the majority of men may be found in a half-dozen familiar facts of his biographical record. His whole life was an evasion of circumstances. The ordinary road to character in a democracy is through struggle and conflict. The ordinary man is moulded, battered, or squeezed into his shape by struggling for an education, a livelihood, a wife, a family, a "place in the world." As he approaches middle age he finds himself becoming stable, adjusted, solid through the complex pressure of commonplace responsibilities as husband, parent, business man, vestryman, property-owner, and voter and payer of taxes. In order to hold up his head he has had to put down his roots among all the institutional bases of society; he has had to become vitally attached to the all-embracing not-himself. The leading idea in the elder James's plan for his son's life seems to have been to rescue him from the typical democratic process in order to open to him some finer destiny: to provide him with comfortable means and ample leisure, to save him from every exacting pressure, to preserve him from the stamp of any definite educational system, by perpetual migrations to snap the root of local attachments, to postpone for him as long as possible the choice of a career, so that at last the young man should be whatever he was and do whatever he did by the free impulse of his own spirit. The perfect working of this plan was probably marred by a physical accident at the time of the Civil War, which, as Henry James circuitously explains, assigned him to the rôle of an engrossed spectator. Whatever the significance of this incident, the result of the plan of tasting life in New York, Boston, Geneva, London, Paris, Rome, Florence, and Venice was to set up an endless process of observation, comparison, discrimination, selection, and appreciation—a process which for this highly civilized, highly sensitized young spirit, became all-absorbing, and made of him a fastidious connoisseur of experience, an artistic celibate to whose finer sense promiscuous mixing in the gross welter of the world was wearisome and unprofitable.

There is no getting round the fact that he was as prodigiously "superior" inside as he was outside the field of art. In his recent much-quoted essay on the New Novel he has the air of a conscious old master condescending for the nonce to notice "the rough and tumble 'output'" of the young vulgar democratic herd. A false note in Miss West's treatment of his character is her remark that he lacked "that necessary attribute of the good critic, the power to bid bad authors to go to the devil." Mr. Brownell, on the other hand, puts him at the head of American criticism. He sent authors to their appropriate places so civilly and suavely that they probably failed frequently to notice where they were sent; but no critic ever more remorselessly sent to the devil bad authors, mediocre authors, and even very distinguished authors. In his later years, he very blandly, very courteously, sent the whole general public to the devil. He was mortally weary of the general public's obtuseness; he despaired of the general public and despised it. At the same time he reiterated in his stories, his critical articles, and in the prefaces to the New York edition of his work challenges and entreaties to the critical few to come and find him.

II.

In that fascinating work "The Figure in the Carpet" he depicts, for criticism, what he would have called his own "case." He presents there, amid various intensifications of interest, Hugh Vereker, a master-novelist, head and shoulders above his contemporaries; so that even his devoutest admirers and his most studious critics miss the thing that he has written his books "most *for*." "Isn't there," he says to one of them, "for every writer a particular thing of that sort, the thing that most makes him apply himself, the thing without the effort to achieve which he wouldn't write at all, the very passion of his passion, the part of the business in which, for him, the flame of art burns most intensely? . . . There's an idea in my work without which I wouldn't have given a straw for the whole job. . . . It stretches, this little trick of mine, from book to book, and everything else comparatively plays over the surface of it. The order, the form, the texture of my books will perhaps constitute for the initiated a complete representation of it. So it is naturally the thing for the critic to look for. It strikes me," Vereker adds—smiling but inscrutable, "even as the thing for the critic to find."

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The thing which, as it seems to me, James hoped chiefly that his critics would some day recognize is not that he is a great stylist, or a learned historian of manners, or the chief of the realists, or a master of psychological analysis. All these things have been noted and asserted by various more or less irreligious strollers through that cathedral-like edifice to which we have likened his works. The thing which he, as the high priest solemnly ministering before the high altar, implored some one to observe and to declare is that he adored beauty and absolutely nothing else in the world. To the discovery of beauty he dedicates his observation, his analysis, his marvellous and all too little recognized imaginative energy. That is why he sends the rest of the world to the devil, that is his romance, that is his passion, that is why when he discusses his own creations he talks veritably like a soul in bliss. The intimate relation of his fiction to modern realities beguiles the uncritical reader into an erroneous notion that he is a "transcriber," a literal copyist, of life. What in his prefaces he begs us again and again to believe is that his stories originated in mere granules and germs of reality blown by chance breezes to the rich soil of the garden of his imagination, where they took root, and sprang up, and flowered; then they were transplanted with infinite art to the garden of literature. What he offers us, as he repeatedly suggests, is a thousand-fold better than life; it is an escape from life. It is an escape from the undesigned into the designed, from chaos into order, from the undiscriminated into the finely assorted, from the languor of the irrelevant to the intensity of the pertinent. It is not reality; he goes so far as to say quite expressly that it is poetry. If that is true, his novels should, in spite of Professor Pattee, "accomplish" something; they should give us on the one hand an ideal, and on the other hand a criticism; and they do give us both. Henry James's importance for Anglo-Saxons in general and for Americans in particular is that he is the first novelist writing in English to offer us on a grand scale a purely æsthetic criticism of modern society and modern fiction.

His special distinction among writers of prose fiction is in the exclusiveness of his consecration to beauty—a point which in this connection probably requires elucidation. To the religious consciousness all things are ultimately holy or unholy; to the moral consciousness all things are ultimately good or evil; to the scientific consciousness all things are ultimately true or not true; to Henry James all things are ultimately beautiful or ugly. In few men but fanatics and geniuses does any one type of consciousness hold undivided sway, and even among the geniuses and fanatics of the English race the pure æsthetic type was, till Ruskin's time, excessively rare. The normal English consciousness is, for purposes of judgment, a court house of several floors and courts, to each of which are distributed the cases proper to that jurisdiction. In the criticism of Matthew Arnold, for example, there are distinct courts for the adjudication of spiritual, ecclesiastical, moral, æsthetic, political, social, and scientific questions; but Ruskin handles all matters in the æsthetic chamber. In Shakespeare's criticism of life, to take the case of a creative artist, the discrimination of experience proceeds on clearly distinguishable levels of consciousness; the exquisite judgment of Sylvia—"holy, fair, and wise is she"—is a certificate of character from three distinct courts. But Henry James, on the contrary, receives and attempts to judge all the kinds of his experience on the single crowded, swarming, humming level of the æsthetic consciousness; the apartments above and below are vacant.

It is a much simpler task to indicate his position in literature with reference to the nature of his consciousness than with reference to the forms of his art. Critics attempting to "place" him have said the most bewildering things about his relationship to Richardson, Dickens, George Eliot, Trollope, George Meredith, Stevenson, Turgenieff, Balzac, the Goncourts, Flaubert, Maupassant, Zola, and Daudet. To say that he is the disciple of this galaxy is to say everything and nothing. He knew intimately modern literature and many of its producers in England, France, Italy, and Russia, and he is related to them all as we are all related to Adam—and to the sun and the moon and the weather. He doubtless learned something of art from each of them, for he took instruction wherever he could find it—even from "Gyp," as he blushingly confesses in the preface to "The Awkward Age." But what different gods were worshipped in this galaxy! Even Meredith, who resembles him in his psychological inquisitiveness, does not in nine-tenths of his novels remotely resemble him in form; moreover, Meredith is a moralist, a sage, a mystic, and a lyrical worshipper of Life, Nature, and other such loose divinities. James called Balzac "the master of us all," he called Turgenieff "the beautiful genius," he sympathized intensely with Flaubert's dedication to perfection; but his total representation of life is not much more like that of any of his "masters" than George Eliot's is like Zola's.

It is a curious fact that, while American criticism tends to refer him to Europe, English criticism tends to refer him to America. A pretty argument, indeed, could be constructed to prove that he might have been very much what he was, if he had not gone body and soul to Europe, but had simply roved up and down the Atlantic Coast comparing the grave conscience of Boston and the open and skyey mind of Concord with the luxurious body and vesture of New York and the antique "gentility" of Richmond—comparing the harvested impressions of these scenes, and weaving into new patterns the finer threads which American tradition had put into his hands: Hawthorne's brooding moral introspection, his penetration of the shadowed quietudes of the heart, his love of still people and quiet places, his golden thread of imagery beaded with brave symbolism, the elaborated euphony of his style; Irving's bland pleasure in the rich surface of things, his delight in manorial dwellings, his sense of the glamour of history, his temperamental and stylistic mellowness and clarity, his worldly well-bred air of being "at ease in Zion"; Poe's artistic exclusiveness, his artistic intelligence, his intensity, his conscious craftsmanship, his zest for discussing the creative process and the technique of literature. As a matter of fact, Henry James does "join on" to the Eastern American traditions; he gathers up all these enumerated threads; he assimilates all these forms of consciousness. Hawthorne plays into his hands for depth and inwardness, Irving for outwardness and enrichment, and Poe for vividness and intensity.

The result of this fusion of types is a spacious and "richly sophisticated" type of the æsthetic consciousness of which the closest English analogue is the consciousness of Walter Pater. James is like Pater in his aversion from the world, his dedication to art, his celibacy, his personal decorum and dignity, his high æsthetic seriousness, his

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Epicurean relish in receiving and reporting the multiplicity and intensity of his impressions, and in the exacting closeness of his style. There are distinctions in plenty to be made by any one curious enough to undertake the comparison; but on the whole there is no better sidelight on James's "philosophy" than Pater's Conclusion to the "Studies in the Renaissance" and his "Plato and Platonism"; no better statement of his general literary ideals than Pater's essay on Style; no more interesting "parallel" to his later novels than "Marius the Epicurean" and "Imaginary Portraits." To make the matter a little more specific let the curious inquirer compare the exposure of Pater's consciousness which is ordinarily known as his description of Mona Lisa with the exposure of James's consciousness which is ordinarily known as the description of a telegraph operator ("In the Cage").

III.

The reduction of all experience to the æsthetic level James himself recognized as a hazardous adventure. At the conclusion of his searching criticism of a fellow-adventurer, Gabriele D'Annunzio, he raises the question whether it can ever hope to be successful. D'Annunzio's adventure he pronounces a dismal failure—that is, of course, an æsthetic failure; for in the quest of the beauty of passion the Italian, he declares, has produced the effect of a box of monkeys or, as he periphrastically puts it, "The association rising before us more nearly than any other is that of the manners observable in the most mimetic department of any great menagerie." But, he continues, the question is whether D'Annunzio's case is "the only case of the kind conceivable. May we not suppose another with the elements differently mixed? May we not in imagination alter the proportions within or the influences without, and look with cheerfulness for a different issue. *Need* the æsthetic adventure, in a word, organized for real discovery, give us no more comforting news of success? . . . To which probably the sole answer is that no man can say."

The last sentence is modest, but cannot have been wholly sincere; for James must have known that his own works answer all these questions in the affirmative. His own case is an altogether different variety of the species; his "news" is infinitely more comforting than D'Annunzio's. The particular ugliness, the morbid erotic obsession, on which D'Annunzio foundered, James, like Pater, sailed serenely by. His æsthetic vision had a far wider range and a far higher level of observation than that of almost any of the Latin votaries of "art for art"—Gautier or Flaubert, for example. And yet, let us admit it frankly once for all, his representation of life offends the whole-souled critical sense intensely in some particulars and on what is fundamentally the same ground as that on which these others offend it. His representation of life is an æsthetic flat; it sins against the diversity, the thick rotundity, the integrity of life. Its exquisitely arranged scenes and situations and atmospheres are not infrequently "ugly," as he would say, with the absence of moral energy and action. In "The Awkward Age," for example, in that society which lives for "the finer things," which perceives, and compares, and consults, and so perfectly masters its instincts, the situation fairly shouts for the presence of at least one young man conceivably capable of bursting like Lochinvar through the circle of intriguing petticoats to carry off the heroine. The atmosphere of "The Golden Bowl" is ineffable—"There had been," says the author, "beauty day after day, and there had been for the spiritual lips something of the pervasive taste of it." The atmosphere is ineffably rich, still, golden, and, in the long run, stifling; the perceptive Mr. Verver, who is in it, gives a telling image of its effect: "That's all I mean at any rate—that it's 'sort of' soothing: as if we were sitting about on divans, with pigtails, smoking opium and seeing visions. 'Let us then be up and doing'—what is it Longfellow says? That seems sometimes to ring out; like the police breaking in—into our opium den—to give us a shake."

One may properly stress the point of his sin against the integrity of life because it is of the essence of the æsthetic case. It explains the vague but profound resentment which some readers who do not balk at James's difficulty feel when they have got "inside." Mr. Brownell, Mr. Hueffer, and Miss West all point towards but do not, I think, quite touch the heart of the matter when they say that James lacks "the historic sense." A part of the historic sense he indubitably has, and far more historical learning is implied in his work than is explicit in it; he loves the color and form of the past, he feels the "beauties" of history. But history to him, even the history of his own life, is a kind of magnificent picture gallery through which he strolls, delightedly commenting on the styles of different schools and periods, and pausing now and then for special expression of rapture before a masterpiece. Miss West beautifully flames with indignation at his "jocular" references to the Franco-Prussian War and at his unsympathetic treatment of the French Revolution, till she hits upon the explanation that he was out of Europe while the Franco-Prussian war raged, and that he was not born at the time of the French Revolution, so that he could no more speak well of it "than he could propose for his club a person whom he had never met." The explanation doesn't fit all the facts. He was not out of England when in his introduction to Rupert Brooke's letters he expressed his satisfaction that the English tradition "should have flowered *in a specimen so beautifully producible.*" The appreciation of Brooke is one of the most beautifully passionate tributes ever written; but the passion is purely æsthetic; the inveterate air of the connoisseur viewing a new picture in the gallery of masterpieces he cannot shake off. He was not speaking of events that took place before he was born when he said of the assassination of Lincoln in his "Notes of a Son and Brother": "The collective sense of what had occurred was of a sadness too noble not somehow to inspire, and it was truly in the air that, whatever we had as a nation failed to produce, *we could at least gather round this perfection of classic woe.* True enough, as we were to see, the immediate harvest of our loss was almost too ugly to be borne—for nothing more sharply comes back to me than the tune to which the æsthetic sense, if one glanced but from *that* high window, recoiled in dismay from the sight of Mr. Andrew Johnson perched on the stricken scene."

Any good American will flame with indignation when he reads that passage; it so fails to present the subject; it is so horribly inadequate; it so affronts what Lord Morley would call "the high moralities" of life. With its stricken "scene," its æsthetic rapture, its æsthetic dismay, it insults the moral sense as a man would insult it who should ask one to note the exquisite slope of a woman's neck at the funeral of her husband. It sins against the integrity of life as, to take some distinguished examples, Renan's "Vie

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de Jésus" and Pater's "Plato and Platonism" sin against it. To present the Spartan boy as a nineteenth-century æsthete or to present the life of Jesus as essentially "delicious" is to miss in the quest of distinction the most vital and obvious of distinctions. It is a blunder into which simple, gross, whole-souled men like Fielding or Smollett or Dickens could never have fallen. It is a crudity of which only the most exquisite æsthete is capable; and he, perching exclusively in his high æsthetic window, absolutely cannot avoid it. It is of the pure æsthetic consciousness, not the intellect, that Emerson should have written his terse little couplet:

> Gravely it broods apart on joy
> And truth to tell, amused by pain.

IV.

When all the discriminations already noted against the usurpations and blindnesses of the æsthetic sense have been made, it remains to be said that the infinitely seductive, the endlessly stimulating virtue of Henry James is the quintessential refinement, the intriguing complexity, the white-hot ardor of his passion for beauty. One feels the sacred flame most keenly, perhaps, in novels and tales like "The Figure in the Carpet," "The Next Time," "The Death of the Lion," "The Lesson of the Master," "Roderick Hudson," and "The Tragic Muse," in all of which he is interpreting the spirit of the artist or treating the conflict between the world and art. One feels it in the words of the young man in "The Tragic Muse" who abandons the prospect of a brilliant political career to become a portrait painter: "The cleanness and quietness of it, the independent effort to do something, to leave something which shall give joy to man long after the howling has died away to the last ghost of an echo—such a vision solicits me in the watches of the night with an almost irresistible force." One feels it in the described emotion of the young diplomat in the same novel, who is infatuated with a fine piece of acting: "He floated in the felicity of it, in the general encouragement of a sense of the perfectly *done*." One feels it in the words of the novelist in "The Lesson of the Master," who says he has missed "the great thing"—namely, "the sense which is the real life of the artist and the absence of which is his death, of having drawn from his intellectual instrument the finest music that nature had hidden in it, of having played it as it should be played."

For a born man of letters the first effect of this passion for perfection is an immense solicitude for style; that is to say, for an exact verbal and rhythmical correspondence between his conception of beauty and his representation of it. Judgment upon style, then, involves two distinct points: First, the question whether the conception is beautiful, and, secondly, the question whether the representation is exact. In the case of Henry James there should not be much dispute about the exactness and completeness of the representation; no man ever strove more studiously or on the whole more successfully to reproduce the shape and color and movement of his æsthetic experience. The open question is whether his conceptions were beautiful; and on this point the majority of his critics have agreed that his earlier conceptions were beautiful, but that his later conceptions were not. To that, in the last analysis, one must reduce the famous discussion of his two, or three, or half a score of "styles." Any one who reads the works through in chronological order can explode to his own satisfaction the notion that James in any book or year or decade deliberately changed his sentence structure. What changed from year to year was his conception of beauty, and that changed by an entirely gradual multiplication of distinctions through the enrichment of his consciousness and the intensification of his vision. To his youthful eye beauty appeared in clear light, clear colors, sharp outline, solid substance; accordingly the work of his earlier period abounds in figures distinct as an etching of the eighteenth century, grouping themselves as on a canvas of Gainsborough's, and conversing and interacting with the brilliant lucidity and directness of persons in a comedy of Congreve's. To his maturest vision beauty has less of body and more of mind; it is not so much in things as in the illimitable effluence and indefinable *aura* of things; it reveals itself less to eye and ear and hand—though these are its avenues of approach—than to some mysterious inner organ which it moves to a divine abstraction from sense, to an ecstasy of pure contemplation; accordingly late works like "The Sacred Fount" and "The Golden Bowl" present rather presences than persons—dim Maeterlinckian presences gliding through the shadow and shimmer of late Turneresque landscapes and Maeterlinckian country-houses, and rarely saying or doing anything whatever of significance to the uninitiated ear and eye. The evolution of James's artistic interest may be summed up in this way: He begins with an interest in the visibly and audibly seen, said, and enacted; he ends by regarding all that as a nuisance—as an obstruction in the way of his latest and deepest interest; namely, the presentation of the unseen, the unsaid, the unacted—the vast quantity of mental life in highly organized beings which makes no outward sign, the invisible drama upon which most of his predecessors had hardly thought of raising the curtain. The difficulty of the later works is not primarily in the sentence structure, but in the point of view. The sentences in the most difficult of the novels, that psychical detective story "The Sacred Fount," are for the most part as neat, as terse, as alert as the sentences in "The Europeans." When they are long and intricate, they generally imprison and precisely render some intricate and rewarding beauty of a moment of consciousness luxuriously full—for example, this moment of Strether's in "The Ambassadors":

> How could he wish it to be lucid for others, for any one, that he, for the hour, saw reasons enough in the mere way the bright, clean, ordered water-side life came in at the open window?—the mere way Mme. de Vionnet, opposite him over their intensely white table-linen, their *omelette aux tomates*, their bottle of straw-colored chablis, thanked him for everything almost with the smile of a child, while her gray eyes moved in and out of their talk, back to the quarter of the warm spring air, in which early summer had already begun to throb, and then back to his face and their human questions.

Attend till this delicious moment of Strether's reproduces itself in your imagination, and you will not much complain of the difficult magic of the evocation.

Beyond almost all the English novelists of his time Henry James has applied his passion for beauty to the total form and composition of his stories. He cares little for the "slice of life," the loose episodic novel, the baggy autobiographical novel, so much in vogue of late, into which the author attempts to pitch the whole of contemporary life and to tell annually all that he knows and feels up to the date of publication without other visible principle of selection. With extremely few exceptions his subjects pre-

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sent themselves to him as "pictures" to be kept rigorously within the limits of a frame, or as "dramas" to be kept within the limits of a stage, or as alternations of "drama" with "picture." How he imposes upon himself the laws of painter and playwright, how he chooses his "centre of composition," handles his "perspective," accumulates his "values," constructs his "stage," turns on the "lights"—all this he has told with extraordinary gusto in those prefaces which more illuminate the fine art of fiction than anything else—one is tempted to say, than everything else—on the subject. The point for us here is that he strives to make the chosen form and the intended effect govern with an "exquisite economy" every admitted detail. The ideal is to express everything that belongs in the "picture," everything that is *in* the relations of the persons of the drama, but nothing else.

V.

Henry James's exacting æsthetic sense determines the field no less than the form of his fiction. A quite definite social ideal conceived in the æsthetic consciousness is implicit in his representation of a really *idle* leisure class—an ideal ultimately traceable to his own upbringing and to his early contact with the Emersonian rather than the Carlylean form of transcendentalism. He has a positive distaste for our contemporary hero—"the man who does things"; the *summum bonum* for him is not an action, but a state of being—an untroubled awareness of beauty. Hence his manifested predilection for "highly civilized young Americans, born to an easy fortune and a tranquil destiny"; for artists who amateurishly sketch and loiter through lovely Italian springs, though conscious of "social duties" that await them beyond the Alps; for diplomats devoted to the theatre and members of Parliament who dabble in paint; for Italian princesses and princes free from the cares of state; for French counts and countesses who have nothing to keep up but the traditions of their "race"; for English lords with no occupation but the quest of a lady; for American millionaires who have left "trade" three thousand miles behind them to collect impressions, curios, and sons-in-law in Europe. Objectors may justly complain that he seems unable to conceive of a really fine lady or a really fine gentleman or a really decent marriage without a more or less huge fortune in the background or in the foreground of the picture; and it may be added that to the sense of a truly "Emersonian" mind the clink and consideration of gold in most of his crucial instances is a harsh and profound note of vulgarity vibrating through his noble society. He is entirely sincere when he says, in speaking of Balzac, that the object of money is to enable one to forget it. Yet fine ladies, fine gentlemen, and fine society as he understands these matters are, to tell the hard truth, impossible except in the conditions created by affluence and leisure. In comparative poverty one may be good; but one cannot, in the Jamesian sense, be beautiful!

Society cannot in the Jamesian sense be beautiful till the pressures of untoward physical circumstances, of physical needs, and of engagements with "active life" are removed, and men and women are free to live "from within outward," subjecting themselves only to the environment and entering only the relationships dictated by the æsthetic sense. Let us not undervalue the significance of this ideal, either with reference to life or with reference to literature. It is inadequate; but it has the high merit of being finely human. It has the precious virtue of utterly delivering Henry James from the riotous and unclean hands of the "naturalists." To it he owes the splendid distinction that when half the novelists of Europe, carried off their feet by the naturalistic drift of the age, began to go a-slumming in the muck and mire of civilization, to explore man's simian relationships, to exploit *la bête humaine* and *l'homme moyen sensuel*, to prove the ineluctability of flesh and fate and instinct and environment—he, with aristocratic contempt of them and their formulas and their works, withdrew farther and farther from them, drew proudly out of the drift of the age, and set his imagination the task of presenting the fairest specimens of humanity in a choice sifted society tremendously disciplined by its own ideals but generally liberated from all other compelling forces. Precisely because he keeps mere carnality out of his picture, holds passion rigorously under stress, presents the interior of a refined consciousness—precisely for these reasons he can produce a more intense pleasure in the reader by the representation of a momentary gush of tears or a single swift embrace than most of our contemporaries can produce with chapter after chapter of storms and seductions.

The controlling principle in Henry James's imaginary world is not religion nor morality nor physical necessity nor physical instinct. The controlling principle is a sense of style, under which vice, to adapt Burke's words, loses half its evil by losing all its grossness. In the noble society *noblesse*, and nothing else, obliges. Even in the early "international" novels we witness the transformation of Puritan morality, of which the sanction was religious, into a kind of chivalry, of which the sanctions are individual taste and class loyalty. Madame de Mauve, the lovely American married to a naughty French husband in that charming little masterpiece which bears her name, is not exhibited as preserving her "virtue" when she rejects her lover; she is exhibited as preserving her *fineness*. Her American lover acquiesces in his dismissal not from any sudden pang of conscience, but from a sudden recognition that if he persists in his suit he will be doing precisely what the vulgar French world and one vulgar spectator in particular expect him to do. In the earlier novels such as "Madame de Mauve," "Daisy Miller," and "The American," the straightness, the innocence, the firmness of the American conscience are rather played up as beauties against the European background. Yet as early as 1878 he had begun, with the delightfully vivacious and witty "Europeans," his criticism of the intellectual dulness and emotional poverty of the New England sense of "righteousness"—a criticism wonderfully culminating in "The Ambassadors," 1903, in which the highly perceptive Strether, sent to France to reclaim an erring son of New England, is himself converted to the European point of view.

Noblesse in the later novels inspires beauties of behavior beyond the reaches of the Puritan imagination. It is astonishing to observe how many heroes and heroines of the later period are called upon to attest their fineness by a firm, clear-eyed mendacity. "The Wings of a Dove," for example, is a vast conspiracy of silence to keep a girl who knows she is dying from knowing that her friends know that she knows. To lie with a wry face is a blemish on one's character. "*I* lie well, thank God," says Mrs. Lowder, "when, as sometimes will happen, there's nothing else so good." In the same novel poor Densher, who rather hates lying, rises to it: "The single thing that was clear in com-

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plications was that, whatever happened, one was to behave as a gentleman—to which was added indeed the perhaps slightly less shining truth that complications might sometimes have their tedium beguiled by a study of the question of how a gentleman would behave." When he is tempted to throw up his adventure in noble mendacity he is held to it in this way: as soon as he steps into the Palazzo Leporelli in Venice where the dying lady resides he sees "all the elements of the business compose, as painters called it, differently"—he sees himself as a figure in a Veronese picture, and he lives up to the grand style of the picture. He actively fosters the "suppressions" which are "in the direct interest of every one's good manners, every one's really quite generous ideal."

The most elaborate and subtle of all James's tributes to the æsthetic ideal in the conduct of life is "The Golden Bowl"—a picture in eight hundred pages of the relations existing between Maggie Verver and her husband the Prince, between Maggie's father, Adam Verver, and his second wife, Charlotte, and between each one of the quadrangle and all the rest. Before the pair of marriages took place we are made to understand that an undefinedly intimate relation had existed between the Prince and Charlotte, of which Maggie and her father were unaware; and after the marriages we are made to understand that the undefinedly intimate relation was resumed. All four of the parties to this complex relationship are thoroughly civilized; they are persons fit for the highest society; that is to say, they have wealth, beauty, exquisite taste, and ability to tell a lie with a straight face. What will be the outcome? The outcome is that, without overt act, or plain speech, or displayed temper on any hand, each one by psychic tact divines "everything," and Mr. and Mrs. Verver quietly return to America. Why is the *liaison* dissolved with such celestial decorum? It is dissolved because the "principals" in it perceive the æsthetic "impossibility" of continuing their relations in that atmosphere of silent but lucid "awareness"; and it is dissolved with decorum because all the persons concerned are infinitely superior to the vulgarity of rows, ruptures, and public proceedings. The "criticism of life" implicit in the entire novel becomes superbly explicit in Maggie's vision of the ugliness and barbarousness of the behavior of ordinary mortals in like circumstances,

> She might fairly, as she watched them, have missed it [hot angry jealousy] as a lost thing; have yearned for it, for the straight vindictive view, the rights of resentment, the rages of jealousy, the protests of passion, as for something she had been cheated of not least; a range of feelings which for many women would have meant so much, but which for *her* husband's wife, for her father's daughter, figured nothing nearer to experience than a wild eastern caravan, looming into view with crude colours in the sun, fierce pipes in the air, high spears against the sky, all a thrill, a natural joy to mingle with, but turning off short before it reached her and plunging into other defiles.

Does not that description of Maggie's vision throb with a fine passion of its own—throb with the excitement of James's imaginative insight into the possible amenity of human intercourse in a society æsthetically disciplined and controlled?

VI.

My thesis is simply that James's works throb with that fine passion from the beginning to the end—just as Pater's do. Criticism's favorite epithets for him hitherto have been "cold," "analytical," "scientific," "passionless," "pitiless" historian of the manners of a futile society. That view of him is doomed to disappear before the closer scrutiny which he demanded and which he deserves. He is not an historian of manners; he is a trenchant idealistic critic of life from the æsthetic point of view.

He is not pitiless except in the exposure of the "ugly," which to his sense includes all forms of evil; in that task he is remorseless whether he is exposing the ugliness of American journalism as in "The Reverberator," or the ugliness of a thin, nervous, hysterical intellectualism and feminism as in "The Bostonians," or the ugliness of murder as in "The Other House," or the ugliness of irregular sexual relations as in "What Maisie Knew," or the ugliness of corrupted childhood as in "The Turn of the Screw." The deep-going uglinesses in the last three cases are presented with a superlative intenseness of artistic passion. If the effect is not thrilling in the first case and heartrending in the last two, it is because Anglo-Saxons are quite unaccustomed to having their deeps of terror and pity, their moral centres, touched through the æsthetic nerves. Granting the fact, there is no reason why they should deny the presence of a passion of antipathy in a man to whose singular consciousness the objectionable inveterately takes the shape of the ugly.

What, however, is more incomprehensible is the general failure of criticism to recognize the ardor of his quite unscientific attachment to the beautiful. His alleged deficiency in charm, it is asserted, is due to the fact that he does not sympathize with or love any of his characters. The alleged fact is not a fact. He sympathizes intensely with all his artists and novelists, with all his connoisseurs of life, with all his multitude of miraculously perceptive persons from the American homesick for England in the "Passionate Pilgrim" through the young woman aware of the fineness of old furniture in "The Spoils of Poynton" to Maggie and Mr. Verver in "The Golden Bowl." And he dotes, devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry upon the enriched consciousness, the general awareness, and the physical loveliness of his women. He cannot "abide" a plain heroine, even if she is to be a criminal. Of Rose, the murderess in "The Other House," he says the most exquisite things—"She carries the years almost as you do, and her head better than any young woman I've ever seen. *Life is somehow becoming to her.*" In almost every novel that he wrote he touched some woman or other with the soft breath of pure æsthetic adoration—a refining and exalting emotion which is the note of Sherringham's relation to Miriam in "The Tragic Muse":

> Beauty was the principle of everything she did. . . . He could but call it a felicity and an importance incalculable, and but know that it connected itself with universal values. To see this force in operation, to sit within its radius and feel it shift and revolve and change and never fail, was a corrective to the depression, the humiliation, the bewilderment of life. It transported our troubled friend from the vulgar hour and the ugly fact; drew him to something that had no warrant but its sweetness, no name nor place save as the pure, the remote, the antique.

This is the "very ecstasy of love"; and for this virtue, in the years to come, one adept after another reading the thirty or forty volumes of James which any one can read with ease and the fifteen or twenty richer volumes which demand closer application—for this virtue one adept after another, till a brave company gathers, is certain to say, "I discriminate; but I adore him!"

STUART P. SHERMAN

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Correspondence

THOR'S HAMMER-CAST

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This poem, written several years ago by a famous German novelist, since dead, is a melodious statement of a position and intention which Germany is just now vigorously illustrating. I translate it from the German of Felix Dahn as follows:

God Thor, at the Midnight end of the world,
Stepped back with an arrogant motion:
"Where falls the hammer this arm has hurled,
All mine are the land and the ocean!"
And the war-axe flew like the word from his mouth,
Flew light as on feathery pinion,
Till it fell at the edge of the Farthest South—
And the earth was Thor's dominion.

Since then 'tis the Teuton's joyous need
To hammer the lands we covet.
We come of the hammering Deity's seed:
We are God Thor's heirs, and we prove it.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Norman, Okla., March 10

WAR-RELIEF FUNDS AND THE COLLEGES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last issue a correspondent requested statements as to the amount of money being raised for war-relief funds by college men and women. At the risk of blowing my college's own trumpet I am glad to give the figures for Oberlin because I think they represent a great deal of sacrifice, although perhaps not a large amount of money. One thousand dollars was raised for the relief of Armenian sufferers (some part of this was contributed by citizens of the town), and three thousand seven hundred dollars for prison relief. The women of the college, who have been conducting an energetic campaign for a women's building, have abandoned this and will give the proceeds of their activities to the Belgian Relief Fund. The amount thus raised will be considerable by the end of the year. In addition to these, the students have contributed something like two thousand dollars to the support of an academy in China. Contributions for the equipping of a motor ambulance are also being raised. These represent the contributions of a student body not large in numbers and not wealthy.

LOUIS E. LORD

Oberlin, O., March 27

ECONOMIC PRESSURE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may be well at this time to call attention to a principle of the League to Enforce Peace that has been but little noticed. Article 3d of its proposals reads: "The signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their *economic* and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war before any question arising shall be submitted" as previously provided.

The report of the committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States upon the "Economic Results of the War and American Business," after discussing the need for "an adequate pressure or force to compel signatory nations to bring their cause before an International Court or Council of Conciliation before going to war," goes on to say: "These forces can be summarized in the term economic pressure, by which we mean the commercial and financial boycott of any nation that goes to war without submitting its dispute to judgment or inquiry. Our plea is that in the first instance the use of economic force is clearly indicated, and that the military force should be resorted to only if economic pressure proves ineffective."

Economic pressure can be applied almost immediately and with much greater certainty than the use of military and naval power. By declaring an embargo and refusing to admit to our shores all commerce coming from nations who want to fight and preventing the clearance from our own ports of all exports to such nations, we can immediately bring economic pressure to bear on them. Assuming that all loyal members of the League to Enforce Peace do the same, this pressure upon the recalcitrant would soon become unendurable.

There would of course be some loss of trade to ourselves and other members of the League, but the losses so incurred would be small as compared with the cost of even preparation for war. We should, however, be ready to do *our full share* to enforce peace by military and naval pressure if it became necessary, and assuming that other members of the League do likewise that would lessen the burden of "preparedness."

The United States would suffer less than any other nation by the use of economic pressure. Our domestic commerce is so much larger than our foreign that the loss of the latter would be felt by comparatively few. We have within our own borders more of the raw materials for transformation into usable goods than any other nation, and hence are self-dependent. The few great staples that we export in large quantities, such as cotton and wheat, could, if necessary, be cared for by the Government advancing money to carry and store any overplus that could not otherwise be disposed of, at a much less cost than going to war before it was necessary. Our immediate duty now is to use both naval and economic pressure in aiding the Entente Allies, and the stronger and more effective we can make this pressure the sooner will the war be ended.

ROBERT MATHEWS

Rochester, N. Y., March 23

A BELGIAN SCHOLAR IN WANT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, through the columns of the *Nation*, call the attention of our college presidents who may be looking for a professor or lecturer in the French language and literature to a Belgian scholar in straitened circumstances? I refer to my friend M. Célestin Demblon, member for Liège in the Belgian Parliament and professor of French literature in the New University of Brussels. He was in Liège when the Germans began their base attack on martyred Belgium, but escaped from the wretches through Antwerp, leaving his family behind him. He is now living very modestly in Paris, separated from his wife and children, supporting himself with his pen. In a letter just received from him, he writes: "The price of things is exorbitant here and it is on America that I count for relief."

THEODORE STANTON

Cornell Campus, March 30

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"NATURE IN WHITTIER"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Norman Foerster's article on "Nature in Whittier" in the *Nation* for January 4 interested me because on a familiar theme he avoided over-emphasis and showed discrimination. Especially just is the observation that to Whittier nature had a medicinal power, that he lacked the liveliness and sympathy of Lowell, the reflectiveness of Emerson. If there were not a limit to quotation, I might have been surprised that Mr. Foerster did not in this connection at least refer to "Hampton Beach," a poem in which this profit from nature is most explicitly put:

> Like a kind hand on my brow
> Comes this fresh breeze,
> . . . . . .
> The breath of a new life,—the healing of the seas!

The interrelation also, for Whittier, of the religious promptings and the enjoyment of external beauty is so effectively brought out in "My Psalm" that it seems a pity not at least to name the poem. "The windows of my soul," he writes, "I throw wide open to the sun." Nor can these sweet influences of the sun be here merely rhetoric for all that is peace-making in life. I feel confident that it was the real gentian Whittier thought of as he wrote:

> Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
> Through fringed lids to heaven;

that the gentian is no figure of the compensations old age has for the toils of mid-life. Nature is no oracle, no prophet, no god, but at least the sun and the wind and the perfume of flowers are balm-laden and in their influence the soul grows.

I wonder, too, whether Mr. Foerster does not too much stress Whittier's defective sense. If one may judge from his letters he did not himself feel that his color blindness, even in the presence of the rainbow, was a handicap; his feeling responded even if the stimulus was not normally interpreted. And in the use of names, now general, now specific, does he not show a fine sense of fitness, a suiting of phrase to purpose, not an indifference to the forms of nature? He who writes of the "clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells," knows also the value of the more general, "what songs of brooks and birds, what fruit and flowers." "I was rich in flowers and trees," is clinched with

> For my sport the squirrel played,
> Plied the snouted mole his trade.

Whittier was no mere generalizer; he uses specific terms when they suit his purpose—pied frog, gray hornet, black wasp, to mention two or three. A five-minute examination of a few of the more familiar poems gives this list: mink (twice), woodchuck, muskrat, squirrel (four times), tortoise (twice), groundmole, snouted mole, pied frog, and beaver. Is Whittier an indifferent observer of the larger animals?

WM. H. POWERS

Brookings, S. Dak., February 2

OCTAVE MIRBEAU

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been rather surprised that the death of Octave Mirbeau on February 16 has not attracted more attention. In the Associated Press dispatch the only one of his plays mentioned was "Les Mauvais Bergers." As a matter of fact, Mirbeau's masterpiece is "Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires," which was presented for the first time at the Comédie Française April 20, 1903. It was immediately translated into many foreign languages, and appeared on nearly every stage in Europe. In England it was produced by Beerbohm Tree and in America by W. H. Crane, under the title "Business is Business." Mirbeau was a very interesting personality, and in this particular play made a real contribution to the drama of the twentieth century.

WM. LYON PHELPS

Yale University, March 23

A Return to Parnassus

Poems. By Gustaf Fröding. Translated by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

Songs of Brittany (Chansons de Chez Nous). By Théodore Botrel. Translated by Elizabeth S. Dickerman. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1 net.

The Rime Nuove of Giosue Carducci. By Laura Fullerton Gilbert. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.

April Airs. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.05 postpaid.

Twenty-five Sonnets. By Charles E. Whitmore. Cambridge.

The Amber Valley. By Warwick Chipman. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

The Hidden Garden. By Florence D. Snelling. Boston: The Ranger Company.

Five Men and Pompey. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 60 cents net.

Songs of a Vagrom Angel. By Elsa Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

MR. STORK'S equipment as translator includes traits that do him honor. In the jovial pieces which abound in Fröding he reproduces with effect the brisk, crisp movement, the sleighing, if I may borrow a figure from the Northern background, in which the rhymes, like so many bells, tinkle cheerfully to the gay canter of the rapid verse. His touch in landscape is sometimes genuinely poetic:

> A breeze, clover-laden, was borne from the meadow,
> And a resinous whiff from the pines that o'ershadow
> The crests of the water-worn caves.

The faults correspond to the merits. Mr. Stork has a literary conscience to which everything is permissible, and in a metrical *impasse* he has no scruple in extricating himself by the perfidious help of a bad rhyme, a commonplace, or an infraction of taste. He has a fondness for chattering rhymes like "eat, then," and "feet, then," in places where the original is quite innocent of chatter. "Busy" is mated with "hussy," and "valley" forms a mésalliance with "Olē," on page 24, from which it is only rescued on page 27 by a divorce, in which the corespondent is "slowly."

Mr. Stork is excusable for departures from the letter of his original. In translation metre and meaning are like the two ribbon spools in the typewriter I am now using, one of which must be loose when the other is tightened. But when the departure extends from meaning to tone, I

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follow Mr. Stork less cheerfully. On page 35, he says, "Get busy" and "I must leg it," phrases to which the original (Skrifter, Vol. I, page 61) supplies no equivalent in meaning and no countenance in slanginess. "The City Lieutenant," a spirited and happy version in the main, contains the following: "He sparkles in the sunlight like the facets of a brook" (page 77). This faceted brook is a bit of gold braid on the uniform for which the lieutenant is indebted solely to Mr. Stork. I cannot but feel that an eccentricity, a sophistication, of this sort should not be imposed on the original (Vol. I, page 127) which knows nothing of brooks and facets, and which aims to dramatize the gaping and grinning wonderment of unlettered villagers in the presence of the military "swell."

On page 86, Mr. Stork, speaking of Elsa and Greta, says that, if they are hurricanes, they are "hurricanes that come on fairy sandals in full daylight and cause no hurt." Now Mr. Stork, in his original verse, is free to sandal hurricanes, if he so pleases; indeed, he might allege with justice that to sandal a hurricane is only a little more violent than to sandal a fairy, or, for that matter, a Norwegian girl. But the poet says merely: "And if they are hurricanes, they are light, little hurricanes in the morning air and the sunshine" (Vol. I, page 137). We do not know what the taste of Herre Fröding in the foot-gear of hurricanes may be; he may prefer sabots or goloshes.

I leave the gifted but unscrupulous Mr. Stork, and pass to Gustaf Fröding, whose work it is evidently impossible to judge in its entirety from a selection, or in its originality from an English rendering. This English material, to which I here expressly confine myself, suggests a force indeed, but a force not rising into power or vision. I am sensible of something blindly and gropingly gigantesque, of a sluggish virility, a fitful vigor, and lavish indolence, rifts of sharp, momentary clearness in the Niflheim of a temperament that has hardly yet subsided into the precision of individuality. He has many good traits—perception, fancy, feeling, versatility, humor; but at every turn you are confronted by endowment rather than equipment, by puissance rather than exploit. He favors serial poems in which, after the fashion familiar to Swedish readers in Tegnér's "Frithiof," shifts of prosody are the key to variations of mood or theme. The course is indeterminate; the pilotage is drift. Fröding expands with a loose incontinence; he does not perceive the close relation that the cestus bears to the beauty of Aphrodite.

His laughter, which is prodigal, tells nothing, effects nothing; you are interested merely in watching the transit of the breaker through the mobile breadth of his rollicking constitution. His hold on externalities is strong and adjusts itself in some mystic fashion to that effect of staring at the world through half-shut eyes which pertains to his temperament as a whole. He is often happiest on the simplest levels, the levels of childhood and rusticity. There is savor for him in the rough, the brutal, the drunken, and there are poems which we can only acquit of questionable morals by passing on the charge of doubtfulness from the ethics to the meaning. On the data now before me I should call him an inspired animal, the large-limbed presage of a man.

M. Botrel's vivid work in the renovation of the spell of Brittany was clearly destined to receive the mingled honor and penalty of translation. The version of Miss Dickerman is respectable, and by moments attractive, but a translation must be far more than respectable to be anything but libellous of an original so succinct, pointed, and arrowy as French lyric in the hands of M. Botrel. Silence in such cases would be homage, or, if speech is inevitable, a plain prose version might keep at least the point and terseness of the French. The melody would doubtless vanish, but with scattered exceptions, like "The Paimpol Maid," it is only the ghost of that melody that haunts the stanzas of Miss Dickerman. I should add in fairness that the book has extra-literary claims in the form of sentiment, narrative, and locality which should enlarge its public.

Mrs. Gilbert's rendering of the "Rime Nuove" of Carducci has met successfully the scant and hurried tests which I have made of its fidelity to the Italian, and the level of taste, both in prosody and diction, is creditably high. I find the English a little hard to read, nevertheless, for the same reason doubtless that it is difficult to follow speech in which the stresses or inflections are half-blurred.

The pages of Mr. Carman's last book are rain-dashed and wind-fluttered. How finely true is his feeling for landscape, how finely clear its expression, the following stanzas may testify:

> I am the breath of being,
> The primal urge of things;
> I am the whirl of star-dust,
> I am the lift of wings.

Again:

> Once more in misted April
> The world is growing green,
> Along the winding river
> The plumey willows lean.

Again:

> Never a drought comes there,
> Nor any frost that mars,
> Only a wind of love
> Under the early stars,—

The spell is incontestable, and we note with more interest than surprise that Mr. Carman's touch is loveliest when most rarefied, that his imagination must be vaporized before it takes fire. He is a poet whose pleasantness is continuous, but whose perfection is momentary; after the unspeakable gleam comes an agreeable but unexciting image, and after the image a thin reflection or gossamer moral. I like Mr. Carman all the better for his brave avowal of an attachment to Victorian ideals, but loyalty should be shrewd as well as earnest, and the Victorian ethics appear in Mr. Carman's work in a phase of diminuendo or replication which the skeptic might adduce as a proof of obsolescence. I do not quarrel with ethics in verse; I can even bear precept, if it has been recept and percept to start with; but I do not think it wise to leave the moral tap running, and Mr. Carman's beautiful endowment has not defended him from this mistake.

The marvel of our time is the spread of the exquisite in technique. Three books now on my table, Mr. Whitmore's "Twenty-five Sonnets," Mr. Chipman's "The Amber Valley," and—on a much higher level—Miss Snelling's "The Hidden Garden," attest the diffusion of this power. Mr. Whitmore reduces thought and feeling to the minimum compatible with self-respect in poetical utterance, but in this straitened field the work has a species of æsthetic

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sanctity which is little short of beatific. Mr. Chipman, with equal if less uniform artistic virtuosity, buries a dim thought in a dimmer phrase, which the reader may disinter, if he pleases, at the cost of labor and the risk of mutilation. In two or three robuster moments he faces his thought and the reader squarely. Miss Snelling is mistress of a jewel-like technique, unfaltering in design and of an authoritative terseness, and she adds to these dexterities qualities of mind and heart which place her above many contemporaries who have acquired, and are likely to keep, a greater reputation. The excellence of her controlled pathos may be gathered from the first stanza in the book:

> If I should wind the clocks
> And set the shutters wide,
> She might return, O house,
> Forgetting she had died.

In a sense Miss Snelling dwells within what I may call the literary enclosure, but her skill reveals its inerrancy a second time in the art with which it has blent the ideals of an elder day with the grace of a younger fashion.

The serial monologue or the chain of monologues is the discovery which rather happily distinguishes Mr. Stephen Vincent Benét from the throng of his versatile competitors. Five soliloquies, uttered by as many leading Romans, centre and close in a monologue from the mouth of the defeated and high-minded Pompey, rehabilitated after the example set by Mr. Masefield in a well-known tragedy of recent date. The execution is competent, though not masterly, and I own to a greater interest in the adventure than in the booty. The effect, at once federative and insular, of these separate yet interlocking studies is pointed enough to reflect some honor upon Mr. Benét. The inserted lyrics are better poetry than the blank verse in which they are undramatically set. I quote a stanza:

> Life is a dream and a rapture, life is a voice and a breath,
> A gust of wind and a darkness, puffed in the face of death,
> Life is a treacherous river, a house that sinks in the sand,
> A gift that poisons the giver, a ring that withers the hand.

Miss Elsa Barker has "written down," in balmy English on a waft of rhythm, fifty-two songs for an angel visitant. Her word is voucher for this fact. But why resort to testimony—to external evidence—to prove the celestial origin of these poems, unless indeed the text offers nothing to contravene the theory of human authorship? The perverse text even supports this theory; it resembles greatly what might be written almost any day by a romantic, mystical, mildly philosophical, pensively radical American woman of 1916, by, let us say, Miss Elsa Barker. But why invoke angels where men are competent? Why bridge the river of death in the interest of an exchange of commodities, when in the absence of the label "made in Skyland," the products of the two coasts are indistinguishable? Why stretch a perfunctory siphon between two vessels whose waters rise of their own accord to a common level through the noiseless action of a hidden sluice? The agreement of human and superhuman ways may be explained on two alternate suppositions, both flattering to mortal men: the first is that we divine the celestial fashions in virtue of a telepathy which can dispense with media; the second is that the angels copy us.

O. W. Firkins

Outstanding Novels of the Season*

Since, some four months ago, the present writer undertook in these columns a brief survey of current fiction, not a few novels of more than casual interest have been set before American readers. The striking thing about them, as one stands them together on a mental shelf, is that they are so varied in source and kind. In stories of modern setting, on the whole, the tendency away from naturalism and towards realism continues to be marked, but it is a realism tinged with the color of romance. Stark, crude fact, the slice of life, are still diligently labored with; but to be fragmentary or offensive is no longer a novelty, and the innocent reader has begun to perceive that it is not much of a feat. A favorite theme among the gentry who, with foreheads of carefully polished brass, are wont to perform this trick, is to show the artist or the genius as a dirty fellow. Very lately, we have seen our ingenious Mr. Dreiser at it, and our learned Mr. Wright, and plenty of our smaller fry, according to their several abilities. A perfect picture of genius in the making, as these people see it, has just come over from Ireland in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." It is also, say the enthusiastic publishers, an important document for those who wish to understand modern Ireland in its social, political, and religious aspects. "Psychological insight, masterly simplicity of style, and extraordinary naturalism make this book a promise of great things." What thrusts itself forward, of course, is the "naturalism." This consists, unluckily, in a free use of privy-language and a minute study of the sex-torments of adolescence. Apart from this, in spite of it, the book has a measure of force by virtue of its sincere intent and its unconquered though ingrowing and indeterminate idealism. Its hero (who surely discourses like nobody in nature) is to be an artist in words—for the sake of Ireland. Gilbert Cannan's "Mendel" is a book of similar theme, but of greater dignity and balance. The young Polish Jew who, transplanted to London, is to become a great painter, sees his way pretty clearly from the outset. Vice teases him, love dallies with him, but he has the single mind and heart of the man who has been born for one thing; and he finds himself at the moment when he becomes able to turn away resolutely from all other things. About this youth, as about his work, is something solid, of heroic mould and substance. In him the translator of "Jean-Christophe" has produced not an echo but a kinsman to that now famous hero-artist. As usual, Mr. Cannan has found plenty of spades here to be

**A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* By James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Mendel. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: G. H. Doran Company.

Pelle the Conqueror. By Alexander Nexö. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Emperor of Portugallia. By Selma Lagerlöf. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Ordeal by Fire. By Marcel Berger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Soldier of Life. By Hugh de Sélincourt, New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Chosen People. By Sidney L. Nyburg. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company.

The Job. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Middle Pasture. By Mathilde Bilbro. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Lydia of the Pines. By Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Mag Pye. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Thorgils. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

El Supremo: A Romance of the Great Dictator of Paraguay. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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called by name, but we never suspect him of pursuing grossness for its own sake. The narrative is hardly a "story," it has no plot, and is most liberal of detail. It is, nevertheless, very artfully put together to an end far beyond that of naturalism in its raw phase—to the end of interpreting a human character in action upon a higher than animal plane.

A work of purer realism has been recently completed for English readers. "Pelle the Conqueror" is the story of a man born to express himself in terms of life rather than of art, a man of character rather than of "temperament," who proceeds, passionately and erringly at first, but later with patient confidence, towards the realization of his mission as a social being. It is a work of realism in so far as it disdains the mechanics of the yarn, a work of pure realism in that it recognizes the need of a goal, of an ideal, for normal human endeavor. The world, it seems to say, is not made up of dirty fellows agonizing, from their gutters, up to the stars; it is moved in the mass and through the ages not by the flickering inspirations of the changelings of genius, but by the self-purifying virtue that endlessly renews its clean blood in the stout heart of man. The same high faith in human character, somewhat more warmly tinged with emotion, animates the work of Selma Lagerlöf. "The Emperor of Portugallia" is the story of a great heart bound up with a simple mind in the clumsy body of a peasant. The issue approaches tragedy, but though the man's mind is broken with intolerable pain, his great heart beats on, and not vainly. He does not leave the earth without, however unconsciously, fulfilling his mission.

Two notable war novels have been added to the three or four which we had been able to recognize up to the beginning of the year. They are in striking contrast. "Ordeal by Fire" does for France something very much like what "Mr. Britling" and "The Vermilion Box" have done for England. It shows how the war came home to France. For central figure we have a young Parisian boulevardier and cynic, a follower of "le sport," clean enough physically, but with soul carefully subdued to the claims of his own selfish comfort. He has (he believes) no ideal, no faith in God, no zeal for France. And we see the war taking him up, dealing hardly with him, rousing his heart and spirit to a sense of responsibility and a steadily growing ardor. It does not make him over, for he is a man at heart; but it strips off his defences and pretences, reveals him to himself, cripples his body and sets free his soul—for France, for faith, for honest love and loyalty. "A Soldier of Life" shows a very different effect of war, an effect which might easily be too much dwelt upon, but may fairly be acknowledged. Here is a young Englishman just out of Oxford, a "decent sort" who, resenting the war, presently enlists as a matter of duty. The service does not inspire him, he has no sense of heroism. On the contrary, "all high thoughts of war and patriotism and so forth went after I had joined the colors. One thing and one only obsessed my mind; one enemy alone I fought hour by hour, minute by minute; and that was the unheroic, unromantic, commonplace fact of boredom." He is sent home a cripple, to find himself fatuously coddled as a hero. His bodily health returns, but his mind is the prey of memory. The ennui, the filth, the meaningless horrors of the trench obsess him. How he is gradually rescued from the verge of madness, and finds a new faith in life is the theme of the narrative.

A soldier of life also is the central figure in "The Chosen People," the young rabbi of high heart and sounding tongue who is so nearly overwhelmed by the confused forces of modern Christendom and of modern Jewry. The unmanning conflict, according to this interpretation, is not between Jew and Christian, but between Jew and Jew, German and Russian, "reformed" and orthodox, rich and poor—a conflict, we may suppose, which is going on everywhere in America, as well as in Baltimore, the scene of the story. It is a book of notable sincerity and dignity, by a Jew who is proud of his race, and whose pride exacts much of that race; by an American also, who desires that American life may be strengthened and ennobled by her Jewish citizens. In the sense that this is a book of race, "The Job" is a book of sex. Here once more is the substance of feminism presented in the person and career of a woman. In origin and appearance she is a very commonplace little woman, the young provincial tiring of the narrow ways and sallying forth to conquer the world. But she has the root of the modern gospel in her, will not stoop to conquer. To find herself, to be herself, is her prime object, and her secondary object is to win her place in the sun. Her first marriage is the result of a mood of weakness, but it cannot make a parasite of her, and she is really mated to a worthier man only when she is in a position to hold up her "economic" end of the partnership. This is not a big book, its idea sticks out too much and is too much lectured about, but the woman is a veritable woman. However her manager may harangue her from the wings, she herself moves within an illumined circle of creative realism.

Apart from these two books, the better American novels of the hour are chiefly romances in current setting—romances tinged with realism. For example, here are two stories of girlhood, "The Middle Pasture" and "Lydia of the Pines." The settings are flawless, they give the very color and savor of life in the smaller American community which (we are always forgetting) houses a large majority of our people. These are "real folks," too, with the gait and garb and speech we must acknowledge as characteristically American, however unornamental they may be in books. The dialogue in "Lydia of the Pines" is amazingly true to the vernacular, with those elisions and subtle turns and touches of nature which so easily elude print. Connected with this honest detail, on the other hand, is a good deal of romantic contrivance. In "The Middle Pasture," with its wicked old skinflint, its family feud, and so on, we are pretty close to village melodrama, and the other story might have done with less "plot." But there are characterization and true color and sincere feeling in them both. Another clean modern romance by a skilful hand which has been too long idle is "Mag Pye," in which feminine youth marches triumphant under an older banner than that of feminism. So it does also in "Regiment of Women," a story of woman's inhumanity to woman and of the wholesome mutual need of the sexes which current theory insists are at war. The scene is a girls' school: it might have been a nunnery, for this is a singularly original study of the perils of isolating and stifling a sex, not to say "the sex."

Of romances in remoter setting, the season offers an uncommonly varied store. Three may be named here as of exceptional quality. Mr. Hewlett's "Thorgils" is a little saga of the northland, very perfect in its reticence and simplicity and human appeal. The viking hero is not a world-mover, but a man of honesty and strength, able to be silent and to endure, as well as to strike the necessary blow. He

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suffers disillusion under the treachery of friends, his high heart is tortured by the loss of his beloved, malice seeks him out; but he stands firm, and his supreme victory is in the conquest and mastery of himself. It is a very noble tale. "Greater Than the Greatest" and "El Supremo" are historical romances upon the great scale. The former is a story of the struggle between the Pope and the Emperor Frederick, in the thirteenth century. It is a fine and dignified example of its kind of thing, the work of a writer who has been accustomed to working with such materials and has learned to employ them to good purpose. But it lacks the touch of genius which gives to "El Supremo," the first notable work of this American story-teller, its unmistakable thrill for the reader who is always plodding his way along the boasted "average high levels" of current workmanship. The author has done a preposterous thing—and has somehow pulled it off! He has taken an obscure Latin-American dictator (for how many of us, despite Carlyle's praise, had ever thought twice of Francia of Paraguay?) and set him before us as a great fellow-being. He has delved among archives and brought forth hundreds of musty old names and restored to them not only their authentic costume, but the flesh and blood which inhabited there. He has filled his pages with minute descriptions, unstinted conversations, leisurely episodes, and has built a book almost as fat as the "Who's Who" which does not contain his name. And somehow, out of all this cataloguing and scene-painting and mass of properties and supernumeraries and minor actions, he has fashioned a story of unflagging interest and charm.

H. W. Boynton

Victor Chapman

Harvard, 1914

GREAT-HEARTED, loyal, reckless for a friend,
Nor counting risks, cool-handed, clear of sight,
He gave himself to France, unto the end;
One of her eagles, swooping in the light
On wings undaunted by each envious breath,
He sought and seeks his goal with steadfast flight—
Victor, indeed, in name, in life, in death!

John Heard, Jr.

Verdun

VERDUN, city of sorrow,
City of dread!
With her war-swept, blackened spaces,
Her crumbled poor home-places,
Her streets that know no tread
Save that of her worn defenders—
City of mournful splendors,
Stern and lovely and tragic—
She shall be clothed with magic.
Who bears her scars upon his breast
Happy is he;
And as a shrine forever blest
Her walls shall be.

Verdun, city of thunder,
City of flame!
As the sound of a host singing
Shall be her name;
The sound of a great host singing,
The tread of a marching mass,
The call of a great cry ringing—
"They shall not pass!"
For through the strife that tore her,
The sword of France before her
Lay like a golden bar;
And in the Night of the Nations
She is the Star.

Marion Couthouy Smith

BOOKS

Watch and Ward

Political Frontiers and Boundary Making. By Col. Sir Thomas Holdich. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Oxford Survey of the British Empire. Vol. 2. Asia. New York: Oxford University Press.

Democracy and Empire. By A. E. Duchesne. New York: Oxford University Press.

The New Map of Africa. By Herbert A. Gibbons. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

An Historical Atlas of Modern Europe, 1789-1914. By C. G. Robertson and J. G. Bartholomew. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

An Atlas of Economic Geography. By J. G. Bartholomew. New York: Oxford University Press.

MOST of us shared with Cæsar a feeling of approval when we first stumbled through his classic description of the natural and strategic advantages enjoyed by the Helvetii: those nicely placed physical barriers of river, lake, and mountain seemed most complete and convincing. It is with the same satisfaction that Sir Thomas Holdich has recorded his experiences as a boundary maker after an arduous life spent in soldiering, delimiting, and demarcating on the frontiers of the British Empire and in South America. His natural liking for the wild and picturesque scenery, the nomad tribes, and truculent clans he encountered in various corners of the world frequently comes out in felicitous bits of description. It is when we follow him from the Pamirs into the Patagonian Andes, down into the Valley of the 16th October, that we realize that the great blemish in his book is the conspicuous absence of index and maps.

As the great war offers prospects of coming to a close the vista of the greater task facing us in the period of reconstruction makes a book of this nature particularly timely, and the company in which it finds itself lends point to the general desire for international stock-taking. Sir Thomas's book and the most recent maps of Messrs. Robertson and Bartholomew form a working basis for the reader with his eyes fixed upon the approaching political maelstrom. The author writes as a soldier on a subject which, curiously enough, possesses little or no literature, even though it has been the cause of more wars than any other political factor, and it is not strange to find him remarking that it will always continue to be fruitful of causes for human dissension. "Ages yet," he adds, "will

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pass in the world's history before civilization becomes the basis of international unity." Like a soldier and a geographer he concerns himself altogether with definitions, and he wisely indulges in no striking prophecies on the political future, if we are to ignore his old-fashioned nervousness about the Russian menace to India's northwest frontier.

The issue between the author and ourselves is clear cut: Col. Holdich insists that the best way to preserve peace among nations is to part them by the strongest physical barriers, such as high mountain ranges, which have the virtue of lending themselves more readily to scientific fortification than any other natural feature. Of rivers, if navigable, he offers the Rhine as an example of their becoming the property of the more dominant nation. Thus he identifies a political frontier with a military frontier, and this idea has been used not only in the Orient, but also in Europe, where the will of the people is of more importance and where ethnical differences should receive more consideration, as they doubtless will, after the war. Except for his services on the Argentine-Chili Boundary Commission—where nature for once provided him with his ideal barrier in the Andean Cordillera—we must remember that the bulk of the author's experience has been gained on the frontiers of Asia, where contiguous clans and tribes are lawless and given to raiding, and where the characteristic dislike of Orientals for giving and observing a contract involving territorial rights is at all times operative. A controversy over demarcation lasted from 1865 to 1908 between the Turkish and Persian Governments.

It is to mountain and river frontiers that the space of this review confines us. The experiences of the war have upset the value we once placed on such natural barriers as seas, lakes, and deserts. The submarine has challenged the control of the sea, so essential to a sea-girt nation, and the issue has not reached a final solution; light railways, aeroplanes, and specially built motor transport have gone far to eliminate the military value that the desert has enjoyed from the time of Cambyses down to the recent abortive raid of the Turk on the Suez Canal. Even fortified mountain and river frontiers have failed in the present war. Thus we come to the alternatives of maintaining either a strictly military or the more elastic economic equilibrium in respect of rivers and mountains. Since it is safe to assume, with the experience of the present war before us, that the economic-ethnical factor is to preponderate in future delimitations, it is rewarding to quote a distinguished geographer like Professor L. W. Lyde, of the University of London, who would place the frontier "where men naturally meet"; which is not likely to be at water-partings nor on such boundaries as the highest ridge of the Appalachian chain once agreed upon by North Carolina and Tennessee.

National frontiers grow out of natural frontiers, since rivers and mountains, in preventing intrusion, make for the intensive development of resources. They become definite racial agents, as Professor Lyde reminds us, that encourage a group-consciousness or clannishness as well as a marked physical type. Thus national differences, both physiological and social, become associated with the marked physical features of frontiers, and the influence of region on race argues for the universal adoption of frontiers that are politico-ethnical. The critic maintains that the essence of frontiers which are expected to preserve and promote peaceful relations is to sustain at all times a sort of international equilibrium. Isolation inevitably leads to trade preferences and discrimination, which bring in their train dissatisfaction and aggression.

As a physical barrier between India and the rest of Asia the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush are undeniably efficient, just as in Europe are the Pyrenees and in South America the Cordilleras. But the inhabitants of mountains are usually nomads interested in grazing and are notoriously lawless: Sir Thomas will readily recognize that the ethnopolitical problems of India's turbulent northwest frontier are essentially economic, and the disturbed equilibrium will exist so long as the Pathan, perched on his lean ranges, overlooks the rich Indian plains across the border. Professor Lyde has made out a strong case for the navigable river, preserving, as it does, an economic equilibrium between riparian communities and reducing the linguistic and ethnical difficulties. Moreover, even though, as in South America, river frontiers change their courses, law and order are easier to maintain on a river. With the Rio Grande we may further illustrate a sub-topic of Sir Thomas's subject—that of "mutual concession," by which this country and Mexico control raiders from either side of the border.

Lastly, Colonel Holdich may well criticise the "straight line" as artificial and ungeographical, besides lacking the elasticity that is necessary when local interests are concerned. In support of his theory of a ring-fence nationalism he even advocates the partial deportation of non-assimilable peoples. But when the "will of the people" has been considered, concerning the accuracy and value of which, among such complex nationalities as exist in the Balkans, he is somewhat skeptical, the straight-line boundary, like the river which also more or less approximates a line, is just as good a basis for economical and social flexibility. Naturally, the author's chief objection is that the straight line does not lend itself to fortification. But granting that the astronomical is the most artificial boundary, as well as the most expensive in demarcation, yet it is popular in civic and State demarcations on this continent, and has proved to be a practical promoter of good-will and understanding between this country and Canada.

"Study large maps," Lord Salisbury once advised. It is when we take up the books of Messrs. Gibbons and Duchesne, and the careful economic and historical charts of the Oxford Press, that we realize the sinister import of this remark. For it is in these books that Colonel Holdich's subject continues to intrigue us with its less picturesque implications. In Africa nearly every lake serves as a frontier: French, German, and British interests converge on the shores of Lake Chad; British, German, and Belgian on Tanganyika. Where nature has failed man, we find those arbitrary devices, the Buffer State, Hinterlands, and Leased Concessions—artificial frontiers in Africa and Asia, where invariably "the will of the people" was not consulted, and where the dominating protagonists have been unceasingly at loggerheads. Thus a political frontier indeed becomes a military frontier, and the subject resolves itself, outside the pale of the Hague conventions, into a tiresome matter of watch and ward. The truth of this becomes more apparent as the war approaches its final lap in the frequency with which the *status quo ante* is invoked.

In the Oxford Survey the natural resources of the Brit-

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ish Empire in Asia, its produce, trade, fascinating ethnology and religions are scrupulously brought up to date. The reflection that this heterogeneous empire has been erected, by a sort of trial and error process, under increasingly just government into a self-conscious entity, a source of strength in a time of trial, from such sordid beginnings as once provided a bone of contention among Portuguese, Dutch, French, and British adventurers and concession hunters, more than compensates for Professor Gibbons's depressing story of Africa. Mr. Duchesne likewise has been at pains in his essay to refute the paradoxical text, taken from Cleon's dictum in Thucydides, that "a democracy cannot manage an empire." He has, however, made it a good excuse to take stock of British imperial progress, especially of the growth of western institutions in India, at a time when the impress of western civilization in Africa and Asia has been put to its severest test. His succinct study provides a suitable handbook and is well balanced in its deductions, even though these are freighted with a hopefulness that has yet to weather the post-bellum gales of economic and social readjustment.

Professor Gibbons's book is a useful complement to that of Sir Thomas Holdich. Here the reader will find apt and practical illustration of cause and effect in the various principles laid down by the soldier-geographer. In a swift, easy style the author has gone through the mass of data, the flotsam and jetsam left in the wake of the Powers in their boundary and frontier making in Africa. He has recorded many events only too familiar to us—the Belgian atrocities in the Congo, the Portuguese slave trade, the German massacres of the Hereros, the Spanish and Italian incompetence, the British and French jealousies. We realize the significance of Sir Thomas's definition that a frontier merely denotes space, vague and indefinite, until a boundary divides it. "Spheres of Influence," Buffer States, and Hinterlands are shown by Professor Gibbons for what they are—preludes to the annexation that has closely followed in the wake of commercial exploitation. Thus many an enclave in Africa was quietly abolished at European Congresses. Just as Americans once established protectorates for the Indian, even so in Asia and Africa these were slowly swallowed up by the white settler. The only satisfying record is that of the miracles wrought by the British in Egypt, and by the French, during the present decade, in Morocco. But the future of Africa, as Sir Harry Johnston has written from his valuable fund of official experience, will depend on "the equal coöperation of all the White Peoples and of all the Black, Brown, and Yellow within its limits" after the war.

The State of Ireland

Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Movement. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1 net.

Six Days of the Irish Republic. By L. G. Redmond-Howard. Boston: John W. Luce & Company. $1.

BOTH these books belong to the immense ephemeral writing ever rising from the industrious complexity of modern life. Neither of them will long be remembered. They pass in that large company which appears one year and another that the curious may know things as they most recently are; and for this they can justly be said to have a present and considerable importance.

The Easter insurrection remains an inexplicable thing to most people. It was indeed a mad enterprise, but it seems more in the realm of reality after perusal of volumes like these, for we can see that of late years a new Ireland was coming to be, for the most part unnoticed, little known in Great Britain, all too little known in Ireland. Older forces, parties, and divisions, the aspirations of the Nationalist party, the spirit of Unionism fanned to a flame in Ulster, the divisions of religion, and the lines of economic cleavage, these things were well understood by outsiders with interest in the affairs of the island, but those who watched the passing of the old order perceived that new men and other issues were rising beside older and emptier forms of things better known.

The author of the first of these volumes exhibits all this very well. He is to write of Sir Edward Carson and Ulster, but while there is much about the northern province, particularly about social and economic conditions there, this is told mostly with relation to the rest of the island. There is little concerning the movement which threatened civil war, and almost nothing about Sir Edward. Only in one chapter is there exception, and this part of the writing is almost a concession. "What has he done to make Ireland a prosperous country? . . . Nothing, dear, impatient reader, absolutely nothing." He "has not done anything to promote the well-being of Ireland, never has done anything and never will." According to the author, he is a stage Irishman, a play-boy, chosen to preside over a large piece of acting designed to impose upon men. The leaders in Ulster chose for this a Dublin barrister, since they wished their stage movement never to become actual revolt, as it might well in the hands of an earnest man of the north. Some day people will exclaim: "God bless my soul! . . . Who *was* Edward Carson?" They will not remember. And so it will be with the opposing leader: John Redmond will be forgotten. He belongs to an older phase of Ireland's affairs and lacks comprehension of the spirit now about him.

According to the author, the great Irishmen of the present are Sir Horace Plunkett and Æ, or George W. Russell. The uplifting forces in the life of the people have been the establishment of peasant proprietorship and the work of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. The latter was instituted by the patient striving of Sir Horace and carried forward by the brilliant labors of Æ. Their quiet and persistent crusade was brought to its present stage in spite of ignorance and dull prejudice and notwithstanding that it was constantly thwarted by the efforts of gombeenmen, who formerly controlled agriculture by means of the credit which they extended. Thus a new Ireland is being made; and he thinks that the result will be at last that the Catholic and agricultural parts of the island will attain economic preponderance as compared with Protestant and industrial portions, a movement greatly increased by the effects of the present war. And New Ireland, which will need Ulster and give it welcome, will have much to offer for the betterment of the reluctant member. It is not so well in the north as politicians and advocates pretend. When the blindness of passion and prejudice are cleared away there will be seen along with sturdy character and solid prosperity a great deal of unhealthy industrialism, low wages, sweated labor, a great body of working girls always undernourished, and appalling infant mortality.

The other book, which is also noteworthy, is more important. Written by the nephew of the Irish leader, dedi-

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cated to "one of the few honest Englishmen who are English enough to be ashamed of the story of English rule in Ireland," it was "Passed by Censor." It is composed with such grave detachment, such wealth of information, and such fine spirit of criticism, that one is largely informed after reading it.

There is an excellent story of the brief and tragic insurrection that brought ruin to Dublin. No one, we think, could be displeased with the fairness and justice of the author as he tells it. There is abundant tribute to the valor and soldierly bearing of the men who fought, together with some strategic criticism of the things which they did; but there is also full admission of deeds that seemed like cold-blooded murders, and many a side-light upon the sordid baseness which accompanied the movement—the looting of shops and the burning of property, the troops of coarse slatterns and beldames with hearts untouched by the deeds and ideals of those soon to die for their rebellion, children bedecked with stolen things and playing with their plunder. How surely the movement was doomed may be seen in this lack of sympathy and understanding.

But there is another aspect of which he writes. The rebellion was hopeless and unwise—it failed; its authors deserved to die—they paid. Thenceforth he attends to other matters. He believes that wisdom and statesmanship could have avoided disaster, even after the uprising began. With temporizing and diplomacy the thing had surely collapsed of itself, as, indeed, it did in some places, where mediation and persuasion were tried. And if the rebels had not submitted, the Government needed only to besiege them, and their case was hopeless. We do not know, nor may the author, whether the authorities could delay, but if so, he is right in saying that thus they might have spared the terrible bombardment and the ruin of Sackville Street. He believes there was no obligation of clemency, but like many others he thinks that England could have been merciful, and in taking such widespread vengeance lost glorious opportunity for real conciliation. She made martyrs and heroes of men who might have been ridiculous; by her punishments she brought understanding of what they had fought for; she enshrined their cause in the hearts of the nation, and it was to awaken the waning spirit of nationality that they wagered their lives.

The causes of the insurrection were failure of great political parties in Ireland to assimilate such forces as the labor movement and Sinn Fein (of which the author gives an excellent description), so that wilder courses were followed without their bounds; persistent industrial discontent, like that which recently wore ominous aspect in England, which had little to expect from politicians, and against which neither patriotism nor loyalty to empire could be very strong; the long toleration of volunteer armed forces, particularly in Ulster; rumored intention of the authorities to disarm Sinn Fein Volunteers and the Citizen Army; dread of conscription, and hatred of Castle rule, which was more disliked as general conditions became better.

The author writes soberly, without bitterness, for he has hopes of things better to come. England can solve this problem and do what is best for herself only by giving Irishmen their national Parliament. Then Ireland, within the empire and loyal to it, will find her sons changing the fierce and exalted nationalism which produced the revolt into a striving to realize the best part of their old Gaelic inheritance, and perhaps as a small, spiritual nation, not as a large, powerful one, come to be leader and regenerator in the world, as Padraic Pearse once hoped and believed.

Empire-Building by Postage Stamps

The Life and Letters of Sir John Henniker Heaton, Bt. By His Daughter, Mrs. Adrian Porter. New York: John Lane Co. $3 net.

"HENNIKER HEATON" seems a cockney joke, such as Dickens might have invented, or Gilbert made the theme of a Bab ballad; but it was the real name of a veritable human being, an English politician, who died at the outbreak of the war, with certain definite achievements of real importance to his credit.

Among critics, it is a maxim that the official biography of a notable by a member of his family is unsatisfying, and this "Life and Letters" is no exception to the rule. As a monument of filial piety, it is admirable; as an account of a statesman and his career, it leaves much to be desired. Its plan is distinctly curious. The first chapter is called A Brief Biography, and narrates in a vague and general way his career in outline. It hardly contains more real or more definite information than the severely compressed paragraph under his name in "Who's Who." Some eighteen chapters follow bearing such titles as Among Friends, Some Australian Memories, A Pen Portrait. In truth, it is a flimsy piece of bookmaking, suggesting far more questions than it answers, concealing far more than it reveals. It is well printed on excellent paper with very good portraits and other illustrations, some of which are more illuminating than the text.

From the opening chapter the main facts of this career may be culled. The son of a colonel in the regular army, John Henniker Heaton was born at Rochester, May 18, 1848. After the usual desultory "education of a gentleman" at various schools, he "went to the colonies" at sixteen, like so many other young Englishmen, to push his fortunes. He emigrated to Australia, and does not seem to have made much of a success of ranching, and turned from life in the bush to journalism in the cities. In 1873, he married the only daughter of Samuel Bennett, owner of two prominent Australian newspapers. In 1884, he returned to England, and the following year he was elected for Canterbury in the Conservative interest. This seat he held until 1910. In 1911, he had a stroke of paralysis; he was at Carlsbad when the war broke out, and died on the homeward journey at Geneva, September 8, 1914.

Such an account of a man who carried out far-reaching reforms is plainly inadequate. One would like to know how, without a profession, and without being a success in Australia, he was able to devote himself to the unprofitable pursuit of English politics. Above all, one would like an answer to the psychological puzzle why he should devote himself to improving postal conditions within England and the Empire. To judge by his portraits, Heaton must have been something of a *viveur*, a traveller, a clubman, a genial and agreeable man of the world. The anecdotes related of him by friends are generally trivial, and do not explain why he should have maintained a lifelong fight with the British Post Office instead of devoting himself to the mere art of living. Everywhere the official mind is the same; it is slow, systematic, bound in by routine, convinced that its methods are incapable of improvement. Quite typical

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of the official mind is the celebrated objection of the Postmaster-General to Rowland Hill's original scheme of penny postage, to wit, that the walls of St. Martins-le-Grand would burst asunder with the accumulated mail matter. It never occurred to him that the general post office might be enlarged. That was the sort of thing in all its ramifications that Henniker Heaton fought and finally overcame. England is the special home of combative persons of one idea. Opposition, ridicule, persecution, public apathy are the breath of their nostrils. The idea may be good or bad, but the man or woman obsessed with it will fight to the bitter end. Henniker Heaton had an excellent idea to fight for—freer intercourse among human beings, within the British Empire, between Britain and America, between Britain and the rest of Europe. Cheap postage would facilitate that intercourse. Quite the most interesting pages of this book are found in a reprint of one of Henniker Heaton's satiric and witty articles on the mandarins of St. Martin's-le-Grand. He has the specialist's minute knowledge of the Post Office's faults and foibles; he banters them good-naturedly, but he makes them very apparent to the public view. The plaint of the Secretary is pathetic: "We have been forced to grant over fifty so-called reforms during the past twenty years. What is the result? Here is a bundle of letters asking for at least fifty more!" Imperial penny postage came into force in 1898, and may have had no slight or trivial influence in knitting the Empire together. Free intercourse among human beings, even the exchange of letters, is a good. *Tout conprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*

The Study of Milk

Milk and Its Hygienic Relations. By J. E. Lane-Claypon. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

THIS book is one of the evidences of the activity of the Medical Research Committee that has been formed in England for the purpose of stimulating and supporting the advancement of medical knowledge by research. At the request of this body Dr. Lane-Claypon has gathered into a convenient volume all available information bearing upon milk in its hygienic relations. In the author's words, "The primary aim of the book is to present a survey of the existing knowledge upon such aspects of the milk question as hitherto have been inaccessible or difficult to obtain." Some eight years ago a similar summary was prepared in this country by the Hygienic Laboratory at Washington and published as Bulletin No. 41. The present volume forms a valuable supplement to this publication by our Government in that it covers the work done in the intervening years.

The literature of this complex and exceedingly difficult question is large and scattered through a number of fields, and Dr. Lane-Claypon has done her work well in bringing it together and in presenting in summarized form those conclusions which seem to be warranted by our present knowledge. The most interesting chapters bear upon the supposed biological properties of milk, the effect of heating upon these properties and upon the general nutritive value of milk, and the various pathogenic bacteria that occur more or less constantly. It is scarcely possible to give all of her conclusions on these matters, since they are stated guardedly and with some reservations, and a condensed statement might convey an erroneous impression. But the author is positive that some of the so-called biological properties of milk connected with the presence of various ferments have been much over-valued. On the other hand, it would appear that the colostrum, or first milk, formed by the active mammary gland may have a very great importance in transmitting protective or immunizing reagents from the mother to the suckling, and this fact may account in part for the generally recognized superiority of breast-feeding over artificial feeding in the newly born animal.

In regard to the much-discussed question whether milk is injured from a nutritive standpoint by heating, the general conclusion, based upon experimental and clinical data, seems to be that no harm results from boiling, although opposite opinions may be quoted from the literature, and quite certainly much may depend in such a matter upon the length of time that the milk is heated. As regards the bacterial content of milk, the author's account will tend to discourage the average general reader. It is a food that is so easily contaminated that complete safety by the mere exercise of care in handling seems impossible so far as the general public is concerned. A reasonable degree of safety may be effected by heating or pasteurizing the milk. This guarantee is most certain when the heating is carried out by the individual consumer. But once it is granted that the process of pasteurizing is desirable, it would seem that public regulations might be made and enforced which would insure safe milk for even the poorest of a city's inhabitants.

Notes

FORTHCOMING publications of the Century Company are "Slippy McGee," by Marie Conway Oemler, and "The Immigrant and the Community," by Grace Abbott.

"Tommy," by Captain Philippe Millet, will be published shortly by George H. Doran Company.

Harper & Brothers announce for publication this week "Lloyd George," by Frank Dilnot; "The Offender," by Burdette G. Lewis; "Crabb's Synonymes" (Harper Centennial Edition), and "To the Last Penny," by Edwin Lefevre.

New and forthcoming publications of the Macmillan Company are as follows: "Brazil To-day and To-morrow," by L. E. Elliott; "Changing Winds," by St. John G. Ervine; "The Minimum Cost of Living: A Study of Families of Limited Income in New York City," by Winifred Stuart Gibbs; "Louisburg Square," by Robert Cutler, and "St. Paul the Hero," by Rufus M. Jones.

The chief of the Division of Maps in the Library of Congress, Mr. P. Lee Phillips, announces the publication in a limited edition of his book "The Beginnings of Washington, as Described in Books, Maps, and Views."

Announcements of forthcoming publications by G. P. Putnam's Sons are as follows: "The Gun-Brand," by James B. Hendryx; "All-of-a-Sudden Carmen," by Gustav Kobbé; "Handbook of the New Thought," by Horatio W. Dresser; "The New Greek Comedy," by Philippe E. Legrand, an abridged translation by James Loeb; "The Public School Nurse," by Lena Rogers Struthers; "Pioneer Mothers of America," by H. C. and M. W. Green (popular edition in three volumes); "Essentials of Dietetics in Health and

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Disease," by Amy Elizabeth Pope (second edition revised and enlarged), and "Facsimiles of Portolan Charts Belonging to the Hispanic Society of America," with introduction by Edward L. Stevenson, being number 104 of the Hispanic Society of America. The Putnams also announce the following volumes of the Cambridge University Press: "Comptes Rendus of Observation and Reasoning," by J. Y. Buchanan; "The Psychology of Sound," by Henry J. Watt; "Science and the Nation," essays by Cambridge graduates, edited by A. C. Seward; "The Increase of True Religion," by W. Cunningham, and "The Origin of the Prologue to St. John's Gospel," by Rendel Harris.

WE are requested to announce that the Department of the Art Jury of the City of Philadelphia is inviting the members of the Federal Commission of Fine Arts and of the State and Municipal Departments of Art of the United States to a Conference to be held in Philadelphia on May 15. This will be the second conference of such bodies, the first having been held three or four years ago on the invitation of the New York Art Commission.

THE editors of the *New Republic* have put sixty-seven of the articles which appeared in their first hundred issues into a volume chastely bound in blue paper covers as "a sample of liberal opinion in the United States, as expressed from 1914 to 1916 at the suggestion of events." "The New Republic Book" (Republic Pub. Co.; $1.50) shows, physically, a tendency to go to pieces under close examination. We mention the fact not in malice, but to attest the fidelity of our inspection, and to suggest the expediency of adding a little cloth and glue to the back of Vol. II. "Spiritually" it exhibits as much coherence as could fairly be expected in a numerous group of men and women animated by a desire to destroy "the old crusted folkways" and to break up "the cake of intellectual custom." The question whether the old folkways and customs are all ripe for destruction is not much debated; for the controlling idea of the editors is that an ounce of fresh experiment is worth at least a pound of experience, and that the day after tomorrow is better than a thousand yesterdays. Among the principal experiments advocated are: votes for women, birth control, a "modern" education, extension of and friendly coöperation with trades unions, "nationalization" of railways, a league to enforce peace, an Anglo-American alliance or understanding, national-mindedness, and international-mindedness. The watchwords of the more sober and responsible experimenters are "reason" and "realism" in the production of more elaborate and adequate machinery for social and political control. To give tang, color, emotion, and "human interest" to this serious programme, designed in the main by Mr. Croly and Mr. Lippmann, the writers on religion, personal morals, taste, art, and literature are apparently encouraged to say pretty much anything that pops into their heads, provided that they write with sufficient raciness and "punch," lambast the Puritans and Academicians, salute the passing show with an affable and sophisticated smile, and greet the unknown with a cheer. Their jaunty attitude towards the past—it is never *au revoir* but always *adios*—produces an exhilarating impression of timeliness. One with less spacious faith in the promise of the future might say—the timeliness of sailors who, to profit by a spanking breeze, throw the cargo overboard.

"SEVEN Years at the Prussian Court," by Edith Keen (John Lane; $3 net), is similar in subject and tone to Anne Topham's "Memories of the Kaiser's Court," which was considerably read at the beginning of the war. The writer was dresser to the Princess Margarethe, daughter of Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia, and from the shelter of her position was able to take a leisurely back-stairs view of court circles. Much entertaining gossip for those interested in the love affairs and dress bills of royalty is scattered over these rambling pages, but there is singularly little that is significant of anything beyond personal concerns. Generalization is evidently not in Miss Keen's line. Her style is slovenly with an occasional lapse into bad grammar. Her knowledge of German is also open to suspicion, if one may judge by the spelling of some of the proper names. The frequent glimpses of the Kaiser, sometimes in his moods of testiness or of ruffled vanity, are the most enlivening feature of the book. Piquancy is added by the suggestion of spying in connection with the incognito visits to England which the members of the German royal household are said to have made from time to time. The tense weeks immediately before and after the outbreak of the war, which the authoress describes in the concluding chapters with more than her average of skill, do not seem to have left any rancor in her breast; at least she is able to tell her story dispassionately and to cherish for the Princess Margarethe only the kindest and most pleasant recollections.

ADÈLE LEWISOHN has translated "Edgar Allan Poe" from the German of Hanns Heinz Ewers, and B. W. Huebsch has published the translation. The present reviewer challenges any one who is not drunk to say why they did so. The translator tells us that Ewers "has gone beyond Poe because to him was revealed the mystery of sex." But slightingly as Mr. Ewers thinks of America, we have not had to wait for him to open that mystery. And in this maudlin little rhapsody he is not dealing with sex at all. He is only celebrating the effect of poisons and intoxicants upon the human brain. He is only pointing out the elements of the artistic consciousness. He is only giving us another fragrant whiff of German *Kultur*. "The time will come," he prophesies, "when the highroads of our sober art, only scantily lighted by the melancholy lamps of alcohol, will be ridiculed. A time for those to whom intoxication and art are inseparable ideas, who as a matter of fact will only recognize the distinction in the art brought forth by intoxication." Till that blessed time comes, it will be difficult for any one to appreciate the *Einfluss* of Mr. Ewers, unless he is himself, as Cicero says, *bene potus*.

ACCORDING to Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons ("Social Rule, A Study of the Will to Power"; Putnam; $1 net), "the preëminent function of social classification appears . . . to be social rule. In institutions where subjection is most desired, institutions like the Catholic Church or like a modern army, classification is most positive and most patent. Classification is nine-tenths of subjection. Indeed, to rule over another successfully you have only to see to it that he keeps his place—his place as a male, her place as a female, his or her place as a junior, as a subject or servant or social 'inferior' of any kind, as an outcast or exile, a ghost or a god. Even to rule over yourself you must keep your feelings balanced, your thoughts from vagrancy." Here we have a sort of outline of this little book; chapters

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upon the cases of juniors, women, slaves, etc., follow. In the end it is suggested that there will be a time when there will be a "diversion of energy from controlling the animate or the moral to controlling the inanimate or the non-moral"; in fact, "it is already one of the most characteristic features of modern life." "It has directed attention from the ethics of proprietorship to the ethics of use. . . . Some day it will mean industrial democracy. . . . In it, in the concentration of our energy upon bettering nature rather than upon bettering man, or, shall we say, in bettering human beings through bettering the conditions they live under, in such outlets for effort and ambition, I find the opportunity *par excellence* for a greater measure of social freedom." If any one is much concerned about the topics that seem to exercise the feelings of the writer, doubtless he will follow this analysis with more edification than we have experienced.

READING "Studies in Shakespeare," by Homer B. Sprague (Pilgrim Press; $1.25 net), one can believe that if this were Shakespeare and this Shakespearean scholarship we should all be Baconians. President Sprague is clearly the man whom the "Anti-Stratfordians" have in mind when they speak of a "Stratfordian," and we cannot find it in our hearts to blame them for repudiating him. Concerning Shakespeare there is no tradition that he does not enthusiastically support "with advantages," and where no tradition is forthcoming he is happy to invent one. He will paint you the whole scene of young Will killing the calf in high style (a brute part); he will prove by the book that Will must have been in love with Anne Hathaway, and that the testamentary second-best bed was peculiarly dear to them because Hamlet had died on it. He will prove Shakespeare a lawyer; too easy, he was a schoolmaster and a soldier as well. The reasoning is something as follows: Homer of Smyrna was a schoolmaster; therefore, Shakespeare, who shows some knowledge of schools, must have been a schoolmaster. Homer P. Sprague was a soldier; therefore, Shakespeare, who exhibits a knowledge of the wars, must have been a soldier. Oneself, a mere mortal, having lived a long and varied life, shall Shakespeare, the phœnix, the *O altitude*, be put off with less? For first-hand contacts with life Odysseus was, beside him, a timid recluse. President Sprague has conned his Shakespeare these many years with a hearty pleasure that transpires, now and then very agreeably, from the pages of his "Essays." But his book is a dangerous book; it will raise up Baconians.

MR. PERCY MACKAYE'S operatic version of his "Canterbury Pilgrims," recently sung to Mr. Reginald De Koven's music at the Metropolitan, appears in an attractive volume (Macmillan; $1). Rare among librettos in English, it is readable. Its flexible blank verse and lively interspersed lyrics, though they set one thinking of Shakespeare's world quite as often as of Chaucer's, come most kindly to meet their music. The brave pageantry of fourteenth-century England as it defiles through Chaucer's pages affords the hint for striking spectacle which Mr. MacKaye has been skilful in seizing and in developing to the modern taste. Where Chaucer has failed him is in the matter of plot, and the effort to supply the deficiency is not so fortunate. Drama there is a-plenty among Chaucer's pilgrims, but it is a drama of intellectual positions or class prejudices characteristically advanced and characteristically attacked, a series of dramatic moments, but no plot of complication and solution. Doubtless Mr. MacKaye has made the best of a bad situation. In the play, as it was published in 1903, there was more opportunity to seek safety in an entirely appropriate discursiveness. The condensation necessary in an opera makes the incongruity of the plot only the more apparent. Chaucer making love to the Prioress, she an amorous *ingénue*, and the knight, the verray gentil, parfit knight, ignominiously gagged and thrust into a cellar—there is matter for grief here, however the groundlings may feel about it. "That person," the wife of Bath, however, carries all before her; her foot-mantel is generous enough to protect not only the contemporary poet of her choice, but her modern re-creator as well:

> By Corpus nails! and them as dare to raise
> A fist at him first deal with Alisoun!

MR. C. C. J. WEBB'S "Group Theories of Religion and the Individual" (Macmillan; $1.75) is a critique of the French school of sociology as represented by Durkheim and Lévy Bruhl, in the first instance, and also by MM. Hubert and Mauss. Mr. Webb shows a pronounced form of what he himself calls "dialectical subtlety"; he writes easily and with the poise of one who feels that he moves with considerable assurance amid difficulties calculated to puzzle a good many men, clarifying things for them as he goes. He is urbane, and is doubtless a master of this sort of writing. He is the sort of dialectician whom any author of a new philosophical theory ought to fear. Now, if sociologists are going to dabble in philosophy, they must expect to meet just this variety of dexterous antagonist; and they are sure to get pinked. It is the rooted persuasion that some one will presently turn up to pick serious flaws in any such theory that makes a scientist wary of them all. So far as our judgment goes, of a contest whose rules we do not know very well, Mr. Webb has made short work of the French theories, developed in recent years in opposition to those of Tylor and his followers, about the origins of religion. The upset of Lévy Bruhl's theory of "prelogical mentality" seems particularly conclusive. But we find little in Webb that some later dialectician may not conceivably fasten on and subtly undermine, despite the balancings and hedgings in which the author's elongated sentences abound. The style of this book, though far superior to that of most such works, is harrowing in its complacent and long-drawn-out monotony. For example: "Even in the case of those moral universals (*e. g.*, justice) which seem originally to have suggested the well-known Platonic theory of the χωρισμός or independent being of the Ideas or Eternal Natures, while we may, and indeed must, conceive them as in some sense not dependent for their validity on their actual exhibition in conduct, yet we rather think of them as what always *ought to be*, whether they are or not, than as what, independently of individual instances, actually *are*." To our mind, this sort of thing is "lauter Wirrwarr." This book contains, we are told, the substance of a course of lectures delivered on the Wilde Lectureship on Natural and Comparative Religion in the University of Oxford.

JOHN CLYDE OSWALD'S "Benjamin Franklin, Printer" (Doubleday, Page; $2 net) should prove acceptable to many readers other than those who are primarily concerned with printing, using that word in its older and broader

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sense. Evidently a labor of love, it is the first attempt to bring within the covers of a single volume a connected account of Franklin's career as a printer. The author, who is the editor of the *American Printer*, has for many years been a collector of Frankliniana "on a modest scale," as he himself says, and an earnest student of the life and work of the many-sided American. The volume is issued under the auspices of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World and is the fulfilment of the author's long-cherished desire to write at length of the most famous of printers. As was to be expected, Mr. Oswald has drawn largely upon the "Autobiography" for his material, but many other sources have also been called into requisition. Opening with a brief review of the first American printers and of the condition of the colonies at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the chapters deal for the most part directly with Franklin's life as a printer, although a few others on related subjects, such as Literary Style, Literary Friends, and Love of Books, are included to round out the story. The book, in form suggestive of Franklin's own work, is pleasantly written and contains many illustrations of bibliographical interest.

RATHER out of the ordinary run of war stories is a modest little volume entitled "From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles" (Dutton; 60 cents net). It is a midshipman's account of his experiences during the first ten months of the war, told from memory (for his diaries were lost when his ship went down, torpedoed in the Dardanelles), and edited by his mother, who also supplies a Foreword of touching restraint, with but few changes, as she assures us, from the boy's own manuscript. The midshipman was one of those children—to be precise he was drafted from Dartmouth for active service three weeks before his fifteenth birthday—against whose employment in the grim game of war loud protests were raised by hysterical members of Parliament after the sinking of the Cressy, the Aboukir, and the Hogue. Against those protests the mother of this particular child herself eloquently protests, and the fact that two of these children have gained the V. C. would seem powerful justification of the British Admiralty's adhesion to an old tradition of the sea. The boy's narrative, the scope of which is indicated in the title, is full of interest, is simply but vividly told, and reveals a maturity of thought, without any suspicion of affectation, that would be amazing were it not that, as the mother explains, "those who have come in contact with the boys who left us as children and returned to us dowered by their tremendous experiences with knowledge so far in advance of their years, will find nothing incongruous in reflections commonly foreign to such extreme youth."

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The Weasel and the Judge

IT is proverbially hard to catch a weasel asleep—it is hard to catch a weasel at all. John T. Trowbridge knew that:

> The weasel's head is small and trim,
> An' he is little an' long an' slim,
> An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
> An' ef you'll be advised by me,
> Keep wide awake when you're catching him.

This displays his traits. He is a capital hunter, but not a good sportsman. He lacks reciprocity. He has no hesitation in going where he is not wanted, and is fond of surprising you by unexpected visits, but refuses any welcome to you. He has the alertness and audacity of a Cossack. He wants to catch you—that is, your chickens—when *you* are asleep, but won't give you an equal chance at him. He is animated by an overweening suspicion, for this is a fearsome world, and also by an indomitable curiosity.

The weasel regards himself from a point diametrically opposite to that from which you view him. His mind is introspective; he thinks always of his interior. You, on the contrary, look only at his exterior. His long, lithe, graceful body, beautiful in its sleek and changeable suit of fur, expresses to you only pelt and pelf. When, by taking his life, you have extinguished the wit of that keenest brain in the Ancient Order of the Carnivora, whose emblem is the canine tooth, you slit his throat and then peel off his hide as you would turn backward the finger of a tight glove. Thus you gain your pelt. What will you do with it? The answer solves a burning question in philosophy: Why is a weasel? The answer is: To pop!

But that also calls for explanation. This is forthcoming when one learns that once upon a time a weasel's skin was the favorite form of purse. The animal had then exchanged his filling of mice for a stuffing of money. Thus refilled the weasel goes out into the world, and instantly a monkey begins to chase him "round and round." "Monkey," here, may stand for what you please—the siren of Broadway; a silver-mine promoter; a beggar for a mis-

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sionary society—what you choose. But sooner or later—Pop! goes the weasel! And *that's* the way the money goes.

The honorable part of the weasel (from our point of view) is at the end of his tail. In keeping with the character of detective, he disguises himself in winter, for the purposes of his pursuit, by putting on a white dress in place of his customary brown one, and changing his name to Ermine. Perhaps that is the origin of the old Latin fable of the weasel that rolls himself in the flour of the bread-trough, so as not to be seen by the mice that come to it, until they blunder within his reach. Set a thief to catch a thief!

As with most prevaricators, the animal fails to make a finished job, for the black tip of his tail is never altered. Like the Kaiser's moustache it remains unmodified and significant whatever uniform may be worn. This sable tip, this ultra-caudal ornament, the kings of old, presumably in recognition of the animal's predatory prowess, adopted as the exclusive badge of the royal order. Look at your euchre-deck and you will see the black spots of the ermine designating the kings and queens of the pack—a royal flush of shame ought to suffuse their paste-board faces!

In those days kings and judges were one; but when they gradually separated, the *kingly* court handed the tags over to the judicial one, and now we speak of the revered judiciary as "The Ermine." So the unchangeable part of this most subtle and bloodthirsty of animals has become the symbol of the cunning, tireless, and inexorable execution of law.

Thus by following his nose the weasel has come to wag his tail on the bench as the ensign of punitive justice. The constable captures—the lawyers argue—the jury deliberates—the judge pronounces—and—Pop! goes the weasel!

ERNEST INGERSOLL

Notes from the Capital

Rear-Admiral Peary

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY, rear-admiral retired, U. S. N., must have been reminded often, during the fight made against the promotion of Grayson, of the opposition encountered by himself before he was legislated into his present rank. In his case the objection was not that he had done nothing entitling him to special distinction—for that could hardly be charged against the discoverer of the North Pole—but that his achievements were not technically naval. It was argued that if we began making generals and admirals of men who merely had done something big for science or commerce, there was no telling what extremes the habit might reach. Since we had no other means of substantially recognizing merit of Peary's particular sort, however, his bill went through; and now the question is asked, what titular reward would be appropriate if he should make a brilliant success, in some not impossible emergency, of his project for a coast patrol of aircraft?

Were the adoption of Peary's plan dependent on his personal influence with Congress, it is difficult to guess how it would fare. With all his gift for sticking to an idea, he has never learned the art of hypnotizing other men. His absorption in the thought that controls him, and his belief in not saying much about what he is going to do, even to the men to whom he must look for coöperation or obedience while doing it, have cost him some friendships which a more diplomatic man might have captured. Although the lieutenants in his undertakings who have stood closest to him have been loyal and even enthusiastic, a good deal of grumbling and criticism have come from the underlings. Nor has his blunt way of speaking his mind won him favor in high official quarters. Bryan, not long before leaving the State Department, fell vigorously afoul of him, denouncing as "little less than a crime" his prediction that within the next hundred years the United States would have to occupy all of North America or submit to obliteration. Peary ignored the censure except to remark that he had first uttered that prophecy twelve years before, in a public address delivered in the city of London—the peaceful reception of it seeming to indicate that our British cousins were not deeply agitated over the prospect of losing Canada.

Peary has been noted all his life for saying and doing unexpected things. For years after he had begun taking an interest in Arctic topics, nobody suspected him of having designs on the Pole. Other would-be explorers had loudly advertised their purpose, seeking thus to attract the support of men of means. Peary had neither money nor powerful friends at the start: he was simply one of many unknown young fellows employed in the engineering branch of the navy. But it leaked out once that he was puzzling over the question of what was at the upper end of Greenland, beyond where its coast lines disappeared into nothingness at the top of the maps of that day; and a little club in Brooklyn, happening to hear of this, invited him to come and talk to them about it. They could not afford to pay in cash for his time and trouble, but they arranged to have his talk well reported in a local newspaper, and the article caught the attention of a large and well-to-do scientific society which raised the funds needed to send him to Greenland to solve his riddle on the spot. Further trips followed in due course, and presently came forth an expression of his desire to try for the Pole. How he succeeded, after repeated bafflements and at least two painful bodily injuries, is a matter of common knowledge. What is not so generally understood is that the accomplishment which finally crowned his career was due to no special genius, but to the fact that at every stage his work was mapped out in advance with mathematical clearness of detail and carried through as planned, leaving practically nothing to chance.

In appearance, Peary is not the picturesque hero of romance. He is lean to a marked degree and fairly brick-colored from years of exposure to the arctic sun and cold together. His movements are in no wise graceful, and his manners are sometimes a trifle brusque. His eyes are his best feature: they are of so deep a blue as to be almost fiery and present a striking contrast with his reddish hair and moustache. His effect in its entirety is that of a man who lives out-of-doors and on whom the adverse forces of nature, from icy winds to bears' teeth, could make but a feeble impression. Entertaining traditions cling about Fryeburg, Maine, his mother's home, where he spent much time in his youth, illustrative of his indifference to physical discomforts. He was walking over a country road one frigid November day when he met a neighbor carrying a gun but no game. "I saw a flock of ducks about two miles

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back," the man explained, "but they were in an open hole in the middle of a frozen pond, and I had no dog, so I let them go." "Pshaw!" exclaimed Peary, "show me the place." Arrived at the pond, there were the birds. The hunter fired and killed two. Peary stripped, broke the thin ice near the shore with a fence-rail, swam out and recovered the birds, all with as little ado as if the season had been midsummer.

The good people of the town used to point with pride to two stones, set upright in a vacant lot by Peary soon after he had graduated from Bowdoin and had begun business as a surveyor; he had used them in establishing the meridian line—a conscientious process which involved his spending many a long, cold winter night working in the open, to take observations of the North Star. It would be hard to get the better of a resolution like that.

TATTLER

Reviews of Plays

"THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER"

DURING the last two years one of the most prolific of playwrights, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, in his latest effort, produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, pays the usual tribute to over-fecundity. He has written a fairly well-constructed, moderately entertaining social melodrama of a hackneyed type. The chief objection to it is that there is no particular reason why it should have been written at all. We gladly absolve ourselves from reciting the plot, the more readily because, given two physicians, a dying woman, a devoted and jealous maid, a blackguardly husband, an attractive and innocent nurse, and a phial of poison, *mutatis mutandis*, our readers have heard it all before. There are some theatrically effective situations, and had the cast been more discreetly chosen or better coordinated in rehearsal the piece would have been no less and no more entertaining than a dozen others of its *genre*. Unfortunately a company of capable players contrives to give in the ensemble a rather rough performance. That admirable villain of Drury Lane days, W. L. Abingdon, is a wholly incredible fashionable physician; Lyn Harding exchanges the ruffles, that so well became him, of bluff King Hal for the morning coat of a nerve specialist and wrestles manfully but not with entire success with the uncongenial rôle, and Miss Sydney Shields is only moderately satisfactory as the nurse, Esther Yorke. The bright spot in the performance is the Lady Camber of Miss Mary Boland, which is so excellent a characterization of a trying rôle that one regrets the more the exigencies of the plot which call for her decease at the end of the second act. Her disappearance from the action is partly compensated for by a capital bit of character work done by Miss Louie Emery as Lady Camber's maid.

S. W.

"OUT THERE"

DISCREETLY, Mr. J. Hartley Manners has termed this the latest of his works written for Miss Laurette Taylor a "dramatic composition," not a play. It is certainly no more than that, whatever that may be. Of its three parts only the second gets fully under way as effective drama, and this as a mild, though most enjoyable, comedy of manner. The third part consists entirely of a speech by Miss Taylor with only the audience for auditors. The play, which is really a theatrical broadside with the purpose of rounding up slackers in England, will owe what success it gains in this country almost entirely to the present crisis. Just now the scene of a field hospital—the substance of the second part—can hardly fail to have excessive emotional value. But the drawing of the various types, including the surgeon, an Irishman, a Cockney, a Canadian, a Scotchman, and a New Zealander, and also of the nurse's helper, as played by Miss Taylor, would of itself have made this part stand for a time on its own feet. The picture of Mike, the patient who has not yet passed through the stage of cynicism into hopeful convalescence, is particularly good.

F.

Finance

With the United States at War

THE President's address to Congress, declaring for war with Germany, was received in financial circles with a calmness and steadiness which showed that the action had been long expected. The news of Germany's sinking of American ships, three weeks ago, which was universally assumed to have made war unavoidable, had been followed by a vigorous rise in prices; last Monday's news that the House had organized promptly, averting a possible protracted contest over the Speakership, caused another sharp advance. But the general attitude of the Stock Exchange was probably more striking for the composure which it reflected as to the broader consequences of this week's momentous step.

Regarded from one point of view, last week's somewhat hesitant attitude, both of financial markets and of general business, might conceivably have been ascribed to uncertainty as to just what course events will take this week at Washington. But even on that supposition, the entire absence of anything like disturbance or apprehension was a notable sidelight on the situation. From the Stock Exchange, where each reaction has been followed shortly by recovery, to the merchandise trade, in which one of the largest interior houses reported last week's business for present and future delivery to be running beyond even the large business of a year ago, no sign of serious misgiving was in evidence.

Doubt or fear of an immediately impending event is not usually reflected in this way. But it was hardly necessary to assume that this attitude of the markets meant uncertainty as between peace or war with Germany. Each successive event of the week had distinctly showed that the nation had made up its mind, and that the Administration had decided. The German Government appeared to entertain no doubts; its view of the situation has been expressed, on the one hand in the savage attack on American ships by the German submarines, on the other in the final word of whining complaint and disingenuous special pleading by the German Chancellor.

On the Stock Exchange, it had been vaguely rumored in advance that this speech of Bethmann-Hollweg, a week ago to-day, would offer assurances which might avert a war. But the speech attracted little notice, except for comment on the distorted mentality and morality of a Prime

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Minister who, in immediate sequel to publicly recognized acts of war against the United States, assured the world that his Government had "never desired war" with us. But neither the Chancellor's verbal juggling with what he called "the responsibility," nor the Foreign Secretary's calm assertion that his arrangement for inciting Mexico and Japan against us was "absolutely loyal as regards the United States," obscured the fact that Berlin itself, though too late for its own best interests, was recognizing the situation. It was certainly not less clearly recognized in this country.

What is still an unsettled question is the probable scope of the finance operations which will immediately be undertaken, and along with this come questions as to the extent of our physical participation in the war and as to the temper of our people. All three questions must necessarily remain uncertainties until Congress meets. They are very debatable to-day, and they have an undoubted bearing on the financial future.

Fortunately there has already been evidence that the first impulsive and extravagant proposals are being examined calmly, with an eye to the purely financial considerations which they would create. It may be wise policy for our Government, in view of later events and with regard to other requirements, to lend its credit in substantial amounts to the European Allies. A very well-informed correspondent cabled last Saturday financial London's view that "skilful financial coöperation between America and the Allies could end the war in a few months," and that this should take the form, "first of America's determination to finance the Allies' orders during war; second, of a financial alliance between the Allies and America for a stated period after war." But the flat newspaper demand that we start the war by underwriting three or four thousand millions of European war loans, or by giving a billion dollars outright to one of them, was hardly the way to approach the complicated problem, and sober second thought has led people to recognize the fact.

Whether, for purposes of public sentiment, a detachment under the American flag may hereafter join the troops at the western front, is generally considered in Wall Street as a question for the future to decide. But there seems to be clearer recognition now that the recent talk of a million American soldiers on the Continent, with political generals, was extremely rash at this stage of the situation. As for the third consideration—the possibility that the outburst of irresponsible assertion regarding German-American conspiracies and an exodus of reservists into Mexico, might lead to very dangerous measures in this country—we have at least last Monday's Governmental declaration that wholesale "interning" is not being thought of, and that "everybody who conducts himself in accordance with American law will be free from official molestation."

These facts are reassuring; they give promise that Congress and the people will not enter war in a whirl of unthinking emotion, regardless of what may be the immense financial task which the decision itself would impose upon us. The general attitude of the past week's financial markets apparently testifies to their faith that the calm and intelligent view of this great problem will prevail.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Burroughs, E. R. The Son of Tarzan. McClurg. $1.30.
Foote, M. H. Edith Bonham. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Gibbons, H. D. The Red Rugs of Tarsus. Century. $1.25 net.
Hall, G. Aurora the Magnificent. Century. $1.40 net.
Nyburg, S. L. The Chosen People. Lippincott.
Porter, E. H. The Road to Understanding. Houghton Mifflin. $1.40 net.
Roche, A. S. Plunder. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Webb, M. The Golden Arrow. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Woodrow, Mrs. W. The Hornet's Nest. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

A List of Books and Newspapers and Miscellaneous Matter Printed in the South during the Confederacy, Now in the Boston Athenæum.
Bang, J. P. Hurrah and Hallelujah. Doran. $1 net.
Benton, A. H. Indian Moral Instructions and Caste Problems. Longmans, Green. $1.40 net.
Byrne, Sister Marie J. Prolegomena to an edition of the works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius. Columbia University Press. $1.25 net.
Fabre, J. H. The Life of the Grasshopper. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Foster, W. T. Should Students Study? Harper. 50 cents net.
Hamilton, C. Joan and the Babies and I. Little, Brown. $1 net.
Latourette, K. S. The Development of China. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Pease, T. C. The Leveller Movement. Oxford University Press.
Quirk, L. W. The Boy Scouts on Crusade. Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Seven Years in Vienna. A Record of Intrigue. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Sixty-Years of Saint Lawrence. Published by the Class of 1916. Canton, N. Y.: St. Lawrence University.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

A Book of Offices. Published by authority of the House of Bishops. Young Churchman Co. $1.
Gammack, A. J. The Contemporary Christ. Young Churchman Co. $1.25.
Hartman, L. O. Popular Aspects of Oriental Religions. Abingdon Press. $1.35 net.
King, J. N. What the Spirit Saith to the Churches. Badger. $1.25 net.
Powell, L. P. Christian Science: The Faith and its Founder. Putnam. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Horner, W. M. Training for a Life Insurance Agent. Lippincott. $1.25 net.

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Muir, R. Nationalism and Internationalism. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Some Legal Phases of Corporate Financing, Reorganization, and Regulations. By F. L. Stetson and others. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Stevens, W. H. S. Unfair Competition. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
The Pacific Ocean in History. Edited by H. M. Stephens and H. E. Bolton. Macmillan. $4 net.
Wells, F. deW. The Man in Court. Putnam. $1.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

De Catt, H. Frederick the Great. Vols. I and II. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50 net.
Earle, R. Life at the U. S. Naval Academy. Introduction by F. D. Roosevelt. Putnam. $2 net.
Kimball, M. B. A Soldier-Doctor of Our Army, James P. Kimball. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Kornilov, A. Modern Russian History. Translated by A. S. Kaun. 2 vols. Knopf. $5 net set.
Laski, H. J. Studies in the Problem of Sovereignty. Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Scott, L. C. The Life and Letters of Christopher Pears Cranch. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Singmaster, E. A Popular Life of Martin Luther. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Steiner, J. F. The Japanese Invasion. McClurg. $1.25 net.

POETRY

Binyon, L. The Cause. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Leslie, S. Verses in Peace and War. Scribner.
Parry, J. J. The Poems and Amyntas of Thomas Randolph. Yale University Press. $2 net.
Raskin, P. M. Songs of a Wanderer. Jewish Publishing Co.
Rice, C. Y. Trails Sunward. Century. $1.25 net.
Robinson, E. A. Merlin. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Seager, M. G., and Paxton, E. Some Minor Poems of the Middle Ages. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
The New Poetry, an Anthology. Edited by H. Monroe and A. C. Henderson. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Wallis, J. H. The Testament of William Windune and Other Poems. Yale University Press. $1 net.
Wood, C. Glad of Earth. New York: L. J. Gomme. $1.

SCIENCE.

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Summary of the News

"WHEREAS, the recent acts of the Imperial German Government are acts of war against the Government and people of the United States: *Resolved*, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and That the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to take immediate steps not only to put the country in a thorough state of defence, but also to exert all of its power and employ all of its resources to carry on war against the Imperial German Government and to bring the conflict to a successful termination." So runs the resolution introduced on Monday night by Representative Flood which, with the approval of Congress, makes the United States an active participant in the struggle for civilization. It was introduced immediately after the President's address, the House having effected its organization in a surprisingly short time, and Mr. Clark being reëlected Speaker by 217 votes to 205.

PRESIDENT WILSON read his war message to Congress at 8:35 on Monday night. It was a strong address, stronger than many, friends and opponents alike, had expected. After rehearsing the indictment against Germany, whose submarine warfare "is a warfare against all mankind," the President asked Congress to adopt the above resolution. In advising that course he made it clear that he urged no half-measures. Mobilization of the material resources of the country; the full equipment of the navy; the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States of at least half a million men chosen on the principle of universal liability to service, were the most important of his recommendations for the preparation of the country to meet the crisis. He warned Congress, however, that the carrying out of these measures must not be allowed to interfere with "the duty of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us." With the Allies there is to be "the utmost practicable coöperation in counsel and action," and "the most liberal financial credits" should be extended to them. Differentiating between the German Government, which he arraigned for its methods of underhand intrigue, and the German people, Mr. Wilson declared that our fight will be "for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included," against "an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and is running amuck."

GERMANY seems to have been too occupied with internal affairs to pay more than desultory attention to the action of the United States. A somewhat listless acceptance of fate appears to mark her attitude towards the new enemy. The hostility of America is regrettable, but avoidance of it is not worth the sacrifice of submarine warfare. The Russian revolution, the food situation in Germany, and the debate in the Reichstag have pushed into the background American participation in the war. In our editorial columns we point out the extraordinary frankness which has marked recent comment in the Reichstag and in the press on Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech delivered on March 29. The Chancellor had a good deal to explain and his explanations revealed an unwonted poverty of invention. American hostility, the breaking of relations with China, the awkward contrast between Russian freedom and German autocracy—these were the subjects of his discourse. The word that might have stilled criticism on all these counts he withheld, extending no hope of democratic reform in Germany until after the war.

IN the debate which ensued the keynote was found in the Chancellor's own words of March 14, "Woe to the statesman who does not recognize the signs of the times." Socialist criticism ran through every degree of frankness, from the avowal that "the real enemies of progress are in the Fatherland itself" to the outspoken statement of Georg Ledebour that "we regard a republic as a coming inevitable development in Germany." A notable development is the alignment of the National Liberal party with the Socialists on the question of immediate democratic reform. Thus, speaking of the contemplated revision of the Polish expropriation law, which was recommended in the name of the Chancellor to the Prussian Upper House on March 28, the Cologne *Gazette* declares that "a Government which during the war will deal with the Polish question, but not with the constitutional problem, contradicts itself."

DR. ZIMMERMANN made another defence of his scheme to embroil Mexico and Japan with the United States in the Reichstag on March 29. As one item of his apologia, by which it is legitimate to test the quality of his reasoning, he alleged that "the Mexicans and Japanese are of like race." The dispatches do not relate that any of his hearers took exception to this brilliant contribution to ethnology, but they indicate that the Foreign Minister's explanations are still regarded as inadequate, his diplomacy being moderately characterized by one speaker as "not happy." Reports of debates in the Reichstag also serve to confirm rumors received through a number of sources of outbreaks in Germany in connection with the food supply, a Socialist speaker mentioning "regrettable events" at Hamburg, Magdeburg, and elsewhere. This was presumably provoked by von Batocki's announcement in the Reichstag on March 28 of the imperative necessity of confiscating all foodstuffs. Similarly, according to dispatches by way of London on March 29, the Bavarian Minister of the Interior, telling the Landtag on March 27 of the discovery of a deficiency in Bavarian breadstuffs of 90,000 tons, added that conditions outside Bavaria were even more unfavorable, and made the significant admission that "a certain friction had arisen between North and South Germany."

HOPES of peace with Russia, as a result of the revolution, reflected in many speeches in the Reichstag, found support, according to the semi-official German interpretation, in a press interview given by Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, on March 31. Doubtless Count Czernin spoke with the particular hope that his words might carry to Petrograd, but all he said was that the Central Powers were ready to

(*Continued on next page.*)

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A Fable

Once there was a famine in the land, and all the beasts and flying things gathered to decide what to do. After long discussion, the squirrel, being practical, said that he could easily spare the song-birds, as they did no work at harvest time. The other beasts agreed that this was a sensible idea, and so the birds were killed.

The next year the crop was good, but the animals did not prosper, for, as the ass said, with no lark to call them and no thrush to sing to them, there was nothing to work for. So the harvest was lost, and things fared ill with them.

The Moral

If you would strive for the happiest of ends, do not overlook the things that are worth working for. In rating high the artisan, do not fail to prize the poet.

Reflections

This fable is capable of divers morals, but if no other, do you take this one from it, namely, not to overlook the value of inspiration in the will to serve. Do you turn often to the nation's poets, who by some are held to be its true owners.

If you come from the South, do you look to your William Alexander Percy[1]. So be it you come from the West, turn to Frederick Mortimer Clapp[2], who has sung of your world. If it befall that you belong in the less far West, turn to J. H. Wallis[3]. Has chance or the affairs of life placed you in the Metropolis, do you look to William Rose Benét[4]. Or if a New England up-bringing has been yours, read of what you know and love as writ by Pierce[5], or Hooker[6].

Or, should you be of that breadth of interest that you count not from the compass or by seasons, do you turn to the treasury of American verse[7] put out by Professor Lounsbury and enhanced by "A Word About Anthologies" from his pen, which could have come from none other.

If your thoughts be of a warlike turn, read of the chivalry of yore in poesy of cheery couplets: "Gawayne and the Green Knight."[8]

In brief, work hard, but never fail to think and read and feel.

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(*Continued from preceding page.*)

conclude an "honorable" peace at any time on the basis of their original proposal for a peace conference. From Russia the only official hint of peace that has gone forth was the appeal by a mass meeting of workmen, Deputies, and soldiers, on March 28, addressed to their fellows in Germany and Austria, to "throw off the autocratic yoke" as a preliminary to bringing about peace, the document being careful to add, however, that Russia "will not yield before belligerent bayonets."

NEWS from Russia continues favorable to the complete success of the new order. The dispatches reveal that immediately after the revolution there was a period when the discipline of the army was in serious danger, but recent dispatches indicate that this peril has been almost entirely overcome, in large part as a result of M. Guchkov's visit to the front. A proclamation announcing the Government's wish that Poland decide for herself her form of government, and assuming that this will be an independent Polish state, was issued on March 30 and appears to have met with a hearty response from Poles.

TORPEDOING of the first armed American vessel, the freighter Aztec, with the loss of eleven lives, was announced on Monday. The official British report for the week ending March 25 showed a loss of eighteen British vessels of more than 1,600 tons and seven of less than that amount. During the same period 2,314 ships of more than 160 tons net arrived at and 2,433 sailed from ports of the United Kingdom.

FORMAL transfer of the Danish West Indies to the flag of the United States took place on Saturday of last week, when Mr. Lansing handed to the Danish Minister a United States Treasury warrant for $25,000,000.

WOMAN suffrage in England is among the victories of the war, the House of Commons having, on March 28, voted by a majority of 279 in approval of legislation on the lines recommended by the Speaker's conference on franchise reform, which extends the suffrage, on a limited basis, to women.

MILITARY operations on the western front have gone forward satisfactorily. Several additional towns and villages have been occupied by the Allies, who are apparently now in touch along the greater part of the front with the new main German positions. Whether these can be accurately described as the famous "Hindenburg" line, or whether such a line exists, is another matter. Certainly at St. Quentin German tenure of the line grows more precarious. By the capture of Selency the British troops now threaten this position from the west, while it was already in danger from the French troops to the south. The British expedition in Palestine achieved a neat victory near Gaza on March 26 and 27, routing, with loss estimated at 8,000, a Turkish force of about 20,000 and capturing 900 prisoners, including the general commanding and the entire staff of a Turkish division. From Mesopotamia, on April 1, Gen. Maude reported the defeat of a Turkish attempt at an enveloping movement, near Deltawah, thirty-five miles north of Bagdad.

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